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Le C Wryke



Cumbe Land x a



Common Mr. Dean C. Wright  
Manager  
Commonplace Book  
Easton Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 1841

On board the ship Benjamin Rush of  
Warren R. I. Capt Anthony Gifford bound  
to the Pacific Ocean on a sperm whaling  
voyage - March 5<sup>th</sup> 1844 - Lat 1.66 N Long 92-44 W

In this book I propose writing a little  
of every thing - from poetry - and notes.  
Facts & Original and select all that is  
original will be signed

D. C. Wright

to come

D. C. Wright

to come

Dean C. Wright

to come

to come & try

to come and try

to come and try



to come

Right Whales

to come

to come

May 24<sup>th</sup> 1842. Lat 4.30 N Long 81 West

On board the ship Benjamin Rush all well - D. C. Wright

3

Good a spirit John 11. 24







L. C. Wright's Book

Given Dec 24<sup>th</sup> / 1868



Poetry -	Between pages	8, & 9
Temperance	" "	10. " 11
Denominational	" "	12 " 13
S. School -		14 " 15
Poor thing	— — —	16 " 17
Miscellaneous	— — —	18 " 19
Spiritualism	—————	20 " 21



## Disappointment

A woman, doomed to silence by her spouse,  
 When heated in a conjugal affray;  
 A surrender, singing to a house,  
 When all its living inmates are away;  
 A lion, foiled of his immediate prey;  
 A marchand, just run over by a dray;  
 A dun, just told to call some other day;  
 A little kitten that has caught a mouse  
 And let it go again; a justice gay,  
 Caught in the middle of a night carouse  
 By his maternal parent; - all these may,  
 But somewhat disappointed, I dare say; -  
 But what is worse than all these - pay attention  
 Is what at present I don't care to mention!  
 N. O. Picayune

## Happiness - Where is it?

Is it in wealth? To probe the breast  
 Of fortune's favorite heir;  
 And why doth woe that heart infect,  
 And anguish cauter there?

Is it in fame? Its empty breath,  
 Inconstant as the breeze,  
 Will blast ere long, the laurel wreath  
 That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship or in love?  
 Alas! They soon decay;  
 The Tears of disappointment prove  
 How fickle is their stay.

'Tis not in all that here exists,  
 'Tis not in folly's round;  
 Look upward, mortals, there it dwells,  
 And only there is found.  
 N. Y. Mechanic



The maid of Erin  
 My thoughts delight to wander,  
 Upon a distant shore,  
 Where lovely, fair, & tender,  
 Is he whom I adore;  
 O, would heaven its blessings sharing,  
 Bestow them on his friend,  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the foaming ocean,  
 May wide between us roar,  
 Yet while this heart has motion,  
 She'll rest within its core;  
 So artless, and endearing,  
 And mild, and fair, is she,  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fixed my station,  
 In some propitious hour,  
 The monarch of a nation,  
 Endowed with wealth, & power;  
 That wealth, & fortune sharing,  
 My purchase gem should be,  
 The lovely maid of Erin, ~~who~~  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

When fate gives intimation,  
 That my last hour is nigh,  
 With placid resignation,  
 I'll lay me down and die;  
 Fond hope my bosom sharing,  
 That in heaven I may see,  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

From Memory  
 "My brethren" said a learned crack "There is  
 a great deal to be did and it is time we  
 were all up and didding out

Good



The Dying American Tar  
 His couch was his shroud; in his hammock he died,  
 The shot of the Briton was true  
 He breathed not a sigh; but faintly he cried,  
 Adieu my brave shipmates adieu.

Away to your stations; it ne'er must be said,  
 Your banner you furled for a foe,  
 Let those stars, ever shine at your <sup>head</sup> ~~mizzen~~ mast  
 And the pathway to victory show.

Remember the accents of Lawrence, the brave,  
 Ere his spirit had fled to its rest,  
 Don't give up the ship; let her sink 'neath the wave,  
 And the breeze bear her fate to the west.

O swear that your banner shall never be furled,  
 Let me hear the words, struck have the foe;  
 And, contented my soul bids adieu to the world,  
 To its pleasures, its pains, & its woes.

He said, and a gun to the leeward was heard,  
 'Twas the enemy's gun well he knew,  
 He raised up his head, and three times <sup>charged</sup> he  
 And expired, as he uttered adieu.

From Memory

Washington

Oh never to man did bounteous heaven impart  
 A purer spirit or more generous heart;  
 And in that heart did nature sweetly blend  
 The patriot hero, and the faithful friend.

Long Poets

The Soldier's Tear

Upon the hill he turned, to take a last fond look  
 At the valley, & the village church, & the cottage by the brook;  
 He listened to the sounds so familiar to his ears,  
 And the soldier leaned upon his sword, & wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,  
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which fluttered in the breeze;  
 She breathed a prayer for him, a prayer he could not hear;  
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear.

Over



41 The Soldiers Tear Continues  
He turned and left the spot. Oh! do not deem him weak,  
Or dauntless the soldiers heart, though tears were on his cheeks?  
Go watch the foremost ranks in dangers dark career,  
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.  
{Excellent} Song Book

Health to the lasses  
Here's a health to all good lasses,  
Plunge it merrily. fill your glasses,  
Let the bumper toast go round;  
May they live a life of pleasure,  
Without mixture. without measure.  
For with them true joys are found. Song Book

The Farmers Daughter  
Where are you going my pretty maid?  
I'm going a milking, sir, she said;  
Stay I go with you, my pretty maid?  
Its just as you please kind sir she said.  
  
What is your father my pretty maid?  
My father's a farmer, sir, she said;  
Then I will marry you my pretty maid;  
Its not as you please, kind sir, she said  
  
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
My face is my fortune, kind sir, she said;  
Then I cant marry you, my pretty maid.  
Nobody asked you, sir, she said  
{Good} Song Book

I cannot stay a minute  
Now where so fast? a young man said  
To her he loved, one day,  
When he, with blushes, turned her head,  
And cried. dont stop me pray;  
But why this hurry? he replied,  
As blithe as any linnet;  
Yet still the pretty Esther cried  
I cannot stay a minute.

Up



But why not, dearest, tell me why  
 He still with ardour press'd,  
 Thou said, by that lovebeaming eye,  
 This haste is all a jest;  
 And could it by a bet be tried,  
 Right sure I am to win it,  
 Yet still the pretty Esther cried,  
 I cannot stay a minute.

Go cant, but Miss. said he you must,  
 And shall go with me too,  
 Nay, more, I'll make, by all that's just,  
 A bride, this morn of you.  
 This morn, said she, make me a bride,  
 There something pleasing in it,  
 Oh! how I'm hurried, Esther cried,  
 Pray don't let's stay a minute.

Song Book

The Ray that beams forever  
 There is a bloom that never fades,  
 A Rose no storms can sever,  
 Beyond the Tulip's gaudy shades,  
 The ray that beams forever,

There is a charm surpassing art,  
 A charm in every feature,  
 That twines around the feeling heart,  
 It is thy voice Oh! nature.

Thou stranger, if thou fair wouldst find,  
 This rose no storm can sever,  
 Go seek it stranger in the mind -  
 The ray that beams forever!

Song Book

Naval strength of different powers				
Ships of the line		England	France	Russia U S
do	do	90	49	50 15
Frigates		93	60	25 35
Steam Ships of war		12	37	8 16 9
May Ad 1859				



To Miss E. J. Candy  
 When I loved you I can't but allow  
 I had many an exquisite minute;  
 But the scorn that I feel for you now  
 Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus whether we're on or we're off,  
 Some witchery seems to await you;  
 To love you is pleasant enough  
 But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.  
 J. Moore

To Esther B. r  
 That variable, when first I espied it,  
 At once put my heart out of pain,  
 Till the eye that was glowing beside it,  
 Disturbed my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,  
 When woman's declension begins,  
 When, fading from all that is pleasant,  
 She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou <sup>still</sup> art so lovely to me,  
 I would sooner my exquisite charmer,  
 Repose in the sunset of thee,  
 Than bask in the noon of another  
 J. Moore

To Miss - E. J. Candy  
 With woman's form and woman's tricks  
 So much of man you seem to mix,  
 One knows not where to take you;  
 I pray you if it is not too far,  
 Go, ask of Nature which you are,  
 Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay you need not take the pains  
 With neither beauty, youth, nor brains  
 For man or maids are chasing;  
 Port as females - fool as male,  
 As boy too green - a girl too stale,  
 The thing's not worth inquiring.  
 J. Moore



44

To Woman  
Away, away - you're all the same,  
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!  
Oh! by my soul I blush with shame  
To think I've been your slave so long.

Slow to be warmed & quick to love,  
From folly kind, from cunning loath,  
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,  
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting over a crowd to reign,  
More joy it gives to woman's breast,  
To make Ten frigid coquets vain,  
Than one true manly love's best.

Away, away - your smiles a curse -  
Oh! blot me from the race of men,  
Kind pitying Heaven! by Death or worse,  
Before I love such things again. G. Moore

To Fanny -  
Fanny, my love we never were sages,  
But trust me all that Bully's & great,  
I possess'd for Plato's glowing pages  
All that, and more, for thee I feel!

Whatever the heartless world decree,  
However unfeeling prudes condemn,  
Fanny I'd rather die with thee,  
Than live & die a saint with them. J. Moore

The Sailor  
The sailor he fears not the roar of the sea,  
But with courage all danger surmounts.  
O'er his biscuit & can he reposes at ease,  
And with pleasure each action recounts

In Liberty's cause may the battles he's fought,  
With freedom & peace be repaid;  
In the terrors of war may the honors he's sought,  
Gain him laurels that never may fade. J. B. B. B.



Song - By Thomas Moore  
 I met on that lip for a moment have gaz'd,  
 But a thousand temptations beset me,  
 And I've thought as the dear little ruby <sup>your</sup> raised,  
 How delicious 'twould be - if you'd let me

Then be not so angry for what I have done,  
 Nor say that you've sworn to forget me,  
 They were buds of temptation to pouting to shun,  
 And I thought that you could not but let me

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,  
 Oh! think how bewitching it met me!  
 And plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,  
 Your eye seemed to say you would let me.

Then forgive this transgression and bid me remain,  
 For in truth, if I go, you'll regret me;  
 Or, oh! let me try the transgression again,  
 And I'll do all you wish - will you let me.

Song By Tho<sup>s</sup> Moore  
 Take back the sigh, thy lips of art  
 In passion's moments breathed to me  
 Yet, no - it must not, will not part,  
 'Tis now the life breath of my heart,  
 And has become too pure for thee

Take back the kiss, that faithful sigh  
 With all the warmth of truth impress'd;  
 Yet no - the fatal kiss may lie,  
 Upon thy lip its sweets would die,  
 As bloom to make a rival bliss!

Take back the vows that, night and day,  
 My heart received - I thought from thee,  
 Yet, no - allow them still to stay,  
 They might some other heart betray,  
 As sweetly as they've ruined mine.



Tell her I'll love her,  
Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,  
Or while there's water in the pathless main;  
Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er,  
And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore.

Tell her I only ask she'll think of me,  
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea;  
Tell her all this tell her o'er and o'er, —  
The anchor's weighed, or I would tell her more.  
Long book

I've been roaming  
I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming  
With its pearls upon my feet.  
I've been roaming &c  
I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
O'er the rose & lily fair,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its blossoms in my hair,  
I've been roaming &c  
I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the honeysuckle creeps,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its kisses on my feet,  
I've been roaming &c  
I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Over hill and over plain,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
To my bow'r back again,  
I've been roaming &c  
Long book

Little he is a mischievous boy,  
And uses the hawk like a toy;  
Full of capture when first he takes it,  
Then he pouts, & throws it down, & breaks it.  
His smile has such witchery in it,  
That all the world wishes to win it.  
But when in his crazy moods they hear him,  
All wish they had never come near him.  
Long book



A Sailor's gratitude  
 Whate'er my fate, wherever I roam  
 By sorrow still oppressed,  
 I'll never forget the peaceful home  
 That gave a wanderer rest  
 "Thou ever rose life's sunny banks  
 By sweetest flowers strewn  
 Still may you claim a sailor's thanks,  
 A sailor's gratitude

The tender sigh the balmy tear  
 That muffled pity gave  
 My last expiring hour shall cheer,  
 And bless the wanderer's grave  
 "Thou ever rose life's sunny banks  
 By sweetest flowers strewn  
 Still may you claim a sailor's thanks  
 A sailor's gratitude.

Hope told &c  
 "Hope told a flattering tale,  
 That joy would soon return,  
 Ah! naught my sighs avail,  
 For love is doomed to mourn.

Och! where's the flatterer gone?  
 From me forever flown,  
 The happy dream of love is o'er,  
 And life alas! can charm no more,  
 Long Bore

Tell me my heart  
 Tell me, my heart, why morning's prime,  
 Looks like the fading eve?  
 Why the gay lark's celestial chime  
 Shall tell the soul to grieve?  
 "The heaving bosom seems to say,  
 "Ah! happy love's away,"

Tell me my heart why summer's glow,  
 A winter day beguiles?  
 Why Flora's beauty seems to blow,  
 And fading nature smiles?



Some zephyr whispers in my ear,  
 "Ah! happy maid, your love is near."

Long Book

The Sailor's Star  
 He leaped into his boat,  
 As it lay upon the strand,  
 But oh! his heart was far away,  
 With his friends upon the land,  
 He thought of those he loved the best,  
 A wife and infant dear,  
 And feeling filled the sailor's breast,  
 The sailor's eye a tear

They stood upon the far of cliffs,  
 And waved a kerchief white,  
 And gazed upon his gallant bark,  
 Till she was out of sight,  
 The sailor cast a look behind,  
 No longer saw them near,  
 Then raised the canvas to his eye,  
 And wiped away a tear.

Ere long o'er ocean's broad expanse,  
 His stately bark had sped,  
 The gallant sailor from her prow  
 Descrid a sail ahead;  
 And then he raised his mighty arm,  
 Columbia's foes were near,  
 Ah! thus he raised his arm,  
 But not to wipe away a tear.

Song

Let him who loves &c  
 Let him who loves a maid,  
 Love but never leave her;  
 When absent, she's afraid,  
 He may oft deceive her,  
 Love's flame, the wise ones say,  
 Like lamps if fed will burn;  
 But if too long we from it stay,  
 It's out ere we return.

Then let him who loves &c



Good Night to Bachelors  
 Bachelor go home, your pillow to hug.  
 And if the night's cold apply the spare rug.  
 Good good.

She accepted Love  
 He - Dearest girl, I long have loved you.  
 Sighed, and wooed, and prayed for bliss.  
 You have smiled, and half approved me.  
 But you now have said yes.

For de rol, de rol lol lol  
 She - I say yes? That's mighty pretty.  
 Girls must <sup>produce</sup> always prize;  
 If you are a "lover witty,"  
 Read my meaning in my eyes

For de rol &c  
 He - In your eyes your words I'd seek for,  
 But, alas! they are too bright;  
 Their sweet lustre, mine, too weak for,  
 Sure would perish in their light.

She - You are now some joke inventing,  
 He - None, my dear! no joke is there!  
 She - Why are you so complimenting?  
 He - Why, my dear, are you so fair?

She - Go your ways, I cannot cherish,  
 Thoughts I want the power to own.  
 He - Pity me, or else I perish;  
 See how very thin I'm grown

She - Come, then, I'll be candid, Harry,  
 What is wanting to your bliss.  
 He - Why did - She - What? He - That you would <sup>marry</sup>  
 She - Marry, ay? then I'll yes.

Both - We together love & hymen,  
 Join our hands so blithe and gay,  
 To-morrow bells shall loudly chime in.  
 To-morrow is our wedding day.

For & easy Long Book



My Mother Dear  
 My mother dear, o'er thy rude cheek  
 Of I've felt the tear drop stealing,  
 When those mute looks have told feeling,  
 Heaven denied thy tongue speak  
 And thou hadst comfort in that tear  
 Shed for me, my mother dear.

And, now alas! I weep alone  
 By health, by joy, by hope forsaken  
 Mid thoughts that darkish fears awaken.  
 Fearing, for thy fate unknown;  
 And vainly flows the bitter tear  
 Shed for thee my mother dear.

She is Thine  
 She is Thine, the word is spoken;  
 Hand to hand, and heart to heart,  
 Though all other ties are broken,  
 Time these bonds shall never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness,  
 From the altar's holy shrine;  
 Oh! remember in her sadness,  
 She is Thine and only Thine.

In so fair a temple now,  
 Aught of ill can hope to come,  
 Good will strive & striving, ever  
 Make so pure a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,  
 Say what care should cloud that brow?  
 She will be to thee a blessing,  
 And a shield to her be thou.

To. E. J. Candy

Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
 Memory will bring back the feeling,  
 Spite of all my grief revealing,  
 That I love thee, love thee still  
 Though some other swain may claim thee -  
 Ah! no other, ere can warm me

First Rate

Over



To E. I. C. i continued.

Yet never fear, I will not harm thee, -  
I, thou false one love thee still.

Oh! young maiden hearts, beware,  
Of love's little arts beware!  
Though I caution you suspect,  
Though I counsel you reject;  
But even, and to your cost,  
Your hearts they will be lost,  
And you'll think of my caution,  
Beware, oh! beware.

Oh! young maiden hearts, prepare,  
For your pains, and smart's prepare:  
When I reason, you may laugh;  
When I threaten, you may scoff;  
Still, still I tell you true,  
What, moping yet you'll do - Why,  
Think of my caution, beware!  
You'll think of my caution beware.

Long Back

### The Rose of Allandale

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
No breath came over the sea,  
When Mary left her Highland cot,  
And wand'ring forth with me;  
Though flowers deck'd the mountain side,  
And fragrance fill'd the vale,  
By far the sweetest flower there, ~~was the~~  
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Wherever I wander'd east or west,  
Though fate began to lour,  
A solace still was she to me,  
In sorrow's lonely hour;  
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark  
And rent her shivering sail,  
Our maiden form withstood the storm -  
I was the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lip was parched  
On Africa's burning shore sand, up



She whispered hopes of happiness  
 And fates of distant land:  
 My life had been a wilderness  
 Unblest by fortune's gale,  
 Had not fate linked my lot to hers -  
 The Rose of Alaudale.

## Intemperance

It has been proved, by parliamentary evidence,  
 that nearly £3,000,000, sterling are yearly lost to the  
 British nation by shipwrecks and other accidents  
 at sea; and that by far the greater part of such  
 casualties are the immediate results of intemperance.

From Nov 11<sup>th</sup> 1838 to March 16<sup>th</sup> 1839, there  
 were 160 vessels wrecked and crews all perished;  
 42 stranded, - 23 foundered, - 92 abandoned, -  
 68 sunk, - 28 condemned, - 227 wrecked, - 76  
 not heard from - There were 2600 lives lost,  
 and the chief agent is ascertained to have been  
 intemperance - Report of B<sup>r</sup>, F<sup>r</sup>, S<sup>r</sup>, L<sup>r</sup>.

## Epitaphs

To R. A. Esq<sup>r</sup>

Know Thou, O Stranger, to the fame  
 Of this much-loved, much honored name.  
 (For none that knew him need be told.)  
 A warmer heart. Death never made cold.  
 Burns

## On a friend

An honest man here lies at rest,  
 As ere God with his image blest;  
 The friend of man, the friend of truth;  
 The friend of age, the guide of youth;  
 Few hearts, like his, with virtue warmed,  
 Few heads with knowledge so informed;  
 If there's another world he lives in bliss;  
 If there is none, he made the best of this.  
 Burns



To an old sweetheart now married  
 Once fondly loved & still remembered dear,  
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,  
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,  
 Friendship! — 'tis all cold duty now allows:  
 And when you read the simple, artless, rhymes,  
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,  
 Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,  
 Or haply lies beneath the Atlantic wave.

Burns

Address to an old piece of salt beef  
 'Old horse! old horse! what brought you here?'  
 'From sacarap to Portland pier  
 I've carted coal this many a year:  
 Till, killed by blows & sore abuse,  
 They salted me down for sailors use.  
 The sailors they do me despise:  
 They turn me over & stab my eyes,  
 Cut off my meat, & pick my bones,  
 And pitch the rest to Davy Jones

To E. M. Wright

Bractious rosebud young & gay,  
 Blooming on thy early May,  
 Never may'st thou wither flower,  
 Chilly shrink in slaty shower!  
 Never Boreas hoary path  
 Never Eurus poisonous breath,  
 Never baleful stellar light,  
 Taint thee with untimely blights!  
 Never, never reptile thief  
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!  
 Nor e'er let too fiercely wind  
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew,

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem  
 Richly deck thy native stem;  
 Till some evening, sober, calm  
 Drooping dew, & breathing balm,  
 While all around the woodland sings,  
 And every bird thy requiem sings

Up



17

Continued

Thou amid the dirgefull sound,  
Shed thy dying honours round,  
And resign to parent earth,  
The loveliest form she ever gave birth

Robert Burns

The Bible

Holy Bible, Book Divine,  
Precious Treasure! thou art mine;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine, to show me what I am;  
Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine, thou art to guide my feet;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;  
Mine, to teach of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
Mine to comfort in distress;  
With the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to teach by living faith  
How to triumph over Death!  
O, thou precious Book Divine  
Precious Treasure! thou art mine.

Good

The Tar on the Ocean

The tar on the Ocean, truehearted & brave,  
Looks down with contempt on the big swelling wave;  
Regardless of danger he views with a smile;  
The seas in commotion and thus sings the while;  
Though tempests may rock me,  
No terror can shock me,  
For life they preach up, we must all pay a toll,  
And our ship, should death dock her,  
For old Leaky's locker,  
Why, d'ye mind me, hell ne'er get an inch of my soul.  
When war is in motion still see him behave  
Undaunted & smiling at death and the grave  
And though from all quarters the shot round him <sup>away</sup>  
The truehearted sailor thus carelessly cries  
Though tempests &c



## The Sailor's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,  
 His hammock swung loose at the spot of the wind;  
 But watchword (and wary, his cares flew away,  
 And visions of happiness danced over his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear, native towers,  
 And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn.  
 Whilst Morn'g stood sideways half cover'd with flowers,  
 And rustled every rose, but secreted a thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thicket,  
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest <sup>in the wall,</sup>  
 All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends over him with looks of delight,  
 His cheeks imprinted with a mother's warm tear,  
 And the lips of the boy in a long kiss unite,  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again  
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay,  
 Unblasted and unhonoured down deep in the main.  
 Till many sea fathoms thy form shall decay.

Days, months, years (and ages, shall circle away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll,  
 Earth loses thy body forever (and age,  
 Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

Poor William found a watery grave  
 The rose had sipped the early dew  
 And balmy sweets perfumed the air,  
 When William wept a last adieu,  
 Upon the bosom of his fair,  
 "Farewell" he cried "my lovely Lane,  
 Though distant far across the main,  
 Till death its end shall sever"

The morning breeze swelled the sail,  
 His vessel soon was lost to view. Up



But evening brought the angry gale,  
 And vivid lightnings round them flew,  
 Oh vain the billows force the brave,  
 Sinking beneath the oppressor wave,  
 Poor William found a watery grave—  
 And bade adieu forever!

<sup>by</sup>  
 The Sailors Lullaby  
 Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,  
 Seaman fear no danger nigh,  
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,  
 Soothe them with their lullaby.—

So the wind tempestuous blowing,  
 Still no danger they discern;  
 The guiltless heart its boon bestowing—  
 Soothes them with its lullaby. — Corb

<sup>by</sup>  
 The Indian Hunter

Let me go to my home that is far distant west  
 To the scenes of my youth that I like the best  
 Where the tall Cedars are and the bright waters flow.  
 Where my parents will greet me: white man let me go.

Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays  
 Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,  
 There is my poor mother, whose heart will overflow,  
 At the sight of her child! O then let me go!

Let me go to the hills & the vallies so fair,  
 Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air,  
 And then through the forest with quiver & bow,  
 I have chased the wild deer! O then let me go.

Let me go to my father by whose valiant side  
 I have sported so often the height of my pride,  
 And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,  
 To my father that Christian, O then let me go—

Over



And O let me go to my dark eyed maid,  
 Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade,  
 Whose heart's like the fawns as pure as the snow  
 And she loves her dear Indian! to her let me go.

And O let me go to my fair forest home!  
 And never again will I wish to roam,  
 And then let my body in ashes lie low:  
 To that scene in the forest, white man let me go!

### my Time

Onward, and still onward, the endless flight  
 of time. Deaf, blind, relentless - for nothing stays  
 his wing. Even with the same eternal haste he presses  
 on. Events that might astound a universe, prayers  
 that might pierce a fiend, never delay, never melt-  
 him. Cities roar and are silent. Empires rise and fall.  
 Mountains bow their ice-crowned thrones. Seas  
 advance from their unfathomed beds. Even worlds,  
 balanced in their far place, burst asunder, and  
 pass away in the boundless deep of space - and yet,  
 ever unpausing, unwarding, his course is on and  
 still on!

Unpitying, did I say? No, dark, but slandered,  
 divinity, not unpitying. Great minister of  
 Providence, thou bring'st peace as well as a sword.

All that can be spared, remains unharmed by  
 thee: and in thy path not only ruin lies, but joy and  
 beauty. It is thy hand that mends the half-blown  
 rose, ripens the harvest, and rears the oak. Who  
 spreads nature with the tender spring? Who clo-  
 -thes the yellow bird with his gorgeous coat, and lan-  
 -guished him on the bough? Who brings every object to  
 its true use and perfection? Who sweeps away  
 prejudice and error? Who unveils lustreous truth?

Not all things fall beneath thy scythe? What  
 blow hast thou stricken against Homer and  
 Shakespeare, more than to brighten their radiance  
 to secure their immortality? Does not all that  
 is good and noble triumph by thy aid? Will  
 not the whole globe befriend by thee grown -) Up



wise and good? Will not war and superstition,  
Tyranny and vice, by this be vanquished -

Thos. S. Day

Smoking

What harm is there in a pipe? says young J. P. well  
"None that I know of" replied his companion, except  
that smoking induces drinking - drinking induces in-  
-toxication - intoxication induces the bile - bile induces  
the jaundice - jaundice leads to dropsy - and  
dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your  
pipe and smoke it - Newspaper

Red Hair

Yankee Hill tell about a man whose hair was  
so red that his wife used to get up in the night  
thinking it was sunrise. Good.

A Fact

He who would be truly happy must endeavor  
to make those around him so -

To be humble to superiors, is a duty; to equals, civility;  
to inferiors. Courtesy - to all, safety.

Crooked Eyes

I say Mister how come your eyes so all-fired  
crooked? My eyes? Yes, that came by sitting between  
two and trying to look love to both at a Time - Enough

Irish Bulbs

"Will Patrick how do you do to day" said the Doct. "O dear  
Doct. I enjoy very bad health, intirely. This Rheumatism is  
very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake  
all night, and my toe is swelled as big as a goose's  
hens egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly."

Kisses Sweet

A western Editor says that nothing is sweeter  
than the warm and ardent kiss of one we love  
unless it is M O L A S S E S



22 Every man has in his own life follies enough - in his own mind troubles enough - in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough - in his own fortune evils enough, without minding other people's business.

### <sup>up</sup>The Saw-Stop

<sup>up</sup>The brightest gem cannot surpass.  
<sup>up</sup>The saw stop on a blade of grass:  
<sup>up</sup>Thus nature's smallest works combine,  
<sup>up</sup>To herald forth a hand divine!  
Shall man the noblest work of all,  
With reason blast a sceptic fall?  
Behold thy form of wondrous skill,  
With faculties that move at will,  
<sup>up</sup>How perfect, & how rarely fit,  
And all in all so exquisite,  
That reason's eye but with a scan,  
Proclaims - a God created man!

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart: as the richest pearls sleep in the roughest shell.

He who has nothing to boast of but illustrious ancestors is like a potato: the only good thing belonging to him is under ground.

An evil mind is naturally suspicious. Obedience restrained is conquest gained.

On every occasion, when you discourse, think first, and look narrowly what you speak of whom you speak - to whom you speak - how you speak - and when you speak - and what you speak - speak wisely, speak truly, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.



Tossed upon lifes raging billows.

Sweet it is in truth to know,

Christ did press a sailor's pillow,

And can feel a sailor's woe;

Never slumbering, nor sleeping,

Though the night be dark & dear,

He the faithful watch will keep,

"All all's well" his constant cheer.

And though loud, the wind is howling,

Since though flash the lightnings red;  
Darkly through the storm-clouds scowling,

Over the sailor's anxious head;

Christ can calm the raging ocean,

All its noise and tumult still,

And the tempest's wild commotion,

At the bidding of his will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,

While to him I lift mine eye;

He will save me ere I perish,

He will hear the sailor's cry;

And though mast and sail be riven,

Lifes short voyage will soon be o'er;

Safely moored in heav'n's wide haven,

Storm and tempest vex no more.

### An Extract

Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity, — and, if misfortune, overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from it, and if disgrace settle upon him, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace. And if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.



### Beautiful Sentiment

"As the vine which has long turned its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, with, when the hardy plant is risted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its carressing tendrils, and bind up its scattering boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman who is the more dependent, and ornament to man, in his happier hours. should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself in the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart"

### Mind

Woe to those who trample over a mind!  
A deathless thing— They know not what they do,  
Or what they deal with!— Man's preface may bind.  
The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew  
The torch he quenches, or to music wind  
Again the lyre— strings from his Fouch that flew—  
But for the soul!— Oh! tremble and beware  
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.

Think on those who have gone before you— Consider the empires which have passed away, and of all which have been— nothing remains but the Faces of virtue—

### A Full wife

Mr H— declared that his wife had five fulls. she was 1<sup>st</sup> Beautiful 2<sup>d</sup> Slutifull 3<sup>d</sup> Youthfull. 4<sup>th</sup> Plutifull 5<sup>th</sup> just an Arsefull

### The Millennium

A little girl said to her father who was overhauling his accounts. "Father what is the Millennium?" "Ask the lady next door who sells bonnets" said the sagacious father "I know nothing about milenn's goods"



<sup>my</sup>  
The Boots

A dandy asked to Fine-pedlar intending to give  
him if he could sell him a pair of Fine boots, Quo  
said the pedlar. Taking up a pair of Caudle moulds  
these will fit you exactly

Epitaph on a Chutten  
<sup>my</sup>  
Here lies a famous belly slave,  
Whose mouth was wider than the grave;  
<sup>my</sup>  
Traveler tread lightly over his ashes,  
<sup>my</sup>  
For should he gaze your gone by gracious.

Epitaph on John Goff  
Here lies John Goff who was made for fun  
When he died  
Old Nick cried  
Come John Come

<sup>my</sup>  
Tell me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss.  
<sup>my</sup>  
Truer, happier than the Love  
Which enslaves our souls in this.

<sup>my</sup>  
Tell me not of Hours' eyes;—  
Far from me their dangerous glow,  
If those looks that light the skies,  
Would like some that burn below.

Who that feels what Love is true,  
All its falsehood all its pain.  
Should, for even Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat,  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet.

Strains again as false as they

John Moore



<sup>us</sup>Cloris & <sup>us</sup>Fanny

Cloris if I were Persias, King  
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;  
While <sup>us</sup>Fanny wild, and artless thing,  
Should but thy humble handmaid be

<sup>us</sup>There is but one objection to it:-  
<sup>us</sup>That, wily, I'm much afraid,  
I should in some unlucky minute,  
<sup>us</sup>Forsake the mistress for the maid.

<sup>us</sup>The Sailor's <sup>us</sup>Home

"Home for the mariner!"  
O can it be?"

Yes, poor wandering son of the sea,  
<sup>us</sup>Thou'rt a home for the sailor-  
A home for thee.

"Aye, lady, floating,  
On the changefull wave;  
Or down in the depths of his oozy grave,  
Where the furious tides,  
Of the ocean rave,"

Nay, brave mariner,  
<sup>us</sup>Fear thou not;  
<sup>us</sup>Though few be thy friends, & hard thy lot,  
By the heart of woman,  
<sup>us</sup>Thou art not forgot.

As the coral reef,  
Where the breakers fall,  
And the billows dash on the huge sea wall,  
Is built by an insect  
<sup>us</sup>Feeble and small;

So the humble haunts  
Of the village fair  
<sup>us</sup>For the sons of the sea a home prepare.  
<sup>us</sup>The hope, poor mariner,  
<sup>us</sup>To rest thee there.



What might be done with the money wasted in War? It would purchase every foot of land on the globe. It would cloth every man, woman, and child in an attire that Kings and Queens would be proud of; it would build a school house upon every hill side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; and supply it with a competent Teacher; it would build an academy in every Town and endow it; a college in every State & fill it with able professors; it would crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; it would support an able Teacher of righteousness in each pulpit, so that every sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer another the earths broad circumference round and the voice of prayer, and song of praise, might ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven.

Stebbins

Professor Hitchcock, estimates the cost of ardent spirits, wine, ale, cider, and tobacco, for the last ten years, used in the United States at \$1640,000,000! One half of this money, all of which is <sup>more than</sup> thrown away, would print a bible in English, for each man, woman, and child on the globe.

### Loss of life War

at Austerlitz 20,000; at Dresden 30,000, At Waterloo 40,000, at Eylau 50,000, At Borodino 80,000, Making 220,000, lives lost in five battles. In ancient times it was still worse. At Issus 110,000, At Arbela 300,000, In two <sup>battles</sup> of less, of the enemy alone 765,000 were slain, In the siege of Jerusalem more than 1,000,000, that of ancient Troy not less than 2,000,000. In the Russian campaign there perished in six months more than 500,000 and during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe not less than 5,800,000, The army of Russia was reduced 4,500,000, in less than two years. Genghis Khan reigned 41 years and 31,500,000, were slain in his wars. Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000,000; the twelve Césars 30,000,000; of the Crusades 40,000,000; The Saracens and Turks 60,000,000, each; of the Tartars 80,000,000. Mr. Slick reckons the sum total since Cain at 141,000,000,000, 18 times as many as the present population of the world and Burke supposes the number to have been 35,000,000,000.

Gird



Of the 56 signers of the declaration of independence  
 9. were born in Mass; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland;  
 4 in Conn. 4 in N. J. 4 in Penn. 4 in S. C. 3 in N. Y.  
 3 in Delaware, 2 in R. I. one in Maine 3 in Ireland. 2 in  
 Eng. 2 in Scotland & one in Wales.  
 21 were attorneys, 10 Mechanics, 4 Physicians, 3 farmers  
 one clergyman, one printer, 16 were men of fortune,

### To the Sea

I love the sea - the breeze that from its home  
 Comes o'er the waters whitening into foam;  
 The spray that glitters on the moon's pale light,  
 From the dark vessel in her onward flight,  
 I love the sea - even when across the sky,  
 Quick as thought the winged lightnings fly,  
 When thunders roll - & like a misty veil,  
 The white sail shivers in the rising gale.  
 I love the sea - its boundless wastes of foam,  
 The landsman's terror & the sailor's home;  
 In storm or sunshine, wild, resistless sea,  
 My heart's due homage shall be paid to thee.  
 Sailors' Mag.

### Irish Grammar

A gentleman traveling in a jaunting car - in  
 Ireland of course - asked Pat, the driver, "Who lives in that  
 house?" "One Mr. Fitzgerald, your honor that's dead."  
 "What did he die of?" "Of a Thursday." "How long has he  
 been dead?" "Why then please your honor, if he had lived  
 till next Thursday he'd ha' been dead a year!!!!!!!"

### Commandments

Why is a love letter like a Beef market? Ans. Because  
 there are tender lines in it.

When is a man over head and ears in debt? Ans. When he  
 has a wig on which is not paid for.

### Conjugal Wit

A French lady wrote to her husband, as follows  
 Dear Husband, I write to you because I have nothing  
 to do, & I end my letter because I have nothing to say  
 Mrs



A mother's love is deep,  
 And nourished by her fears,  
 His wakefull-watchfull cannot sleep.  
 Through all life's changing years;  
 A brother's love is warm—

Of kind & generous flow—  
 In cloud, in sunshine, & in storm,  
 Meets us where'er we go;

A sister's love is pure,  
 And like an angel, kind,  
 Constant & firm, & will endure,  
 So many follies blind;

But ah! what love Jehovah's given,  
 He sent his Son to die, from heav'n.

Christian Watchman

### The Sailor's Funeral

No wide spreading willows on shadow the spot,  
 Where the rough son of ocean reposes forgot;  
 No firm sculptured marble can point out his tomb,  
 For he lies buried far from kindred & home,  
 But the mild voice of friendship shall ring his last knell  
 And sigh out the sailor's funeral.

No sister nor agonised wife lingered nigh,  
 To sooth his last moments, & hear his last sigh,  
 No darkly robed mourners are dropp'd on his bier  
 That symbol of sorrow, Affection's bright fear,  
 As sigher at the toll of the loud village bell,  
 And silently followed his funeral.

Far away from his home, in the dark gleam of night,  
 While the wild winds were roaring, his soul took its flight,  
 With hearts scared with sorrow we brought him on deck,  
 And gathered around him a last look to take.  
 Then lifted the plank & whispered "Farewell!"  
 And such was the sailor's funeral.

Though the tears of affection can't hallow his grave,  
 Yet calmly he'll sleep 'neath the dark blue wave,  
 While the loud screaming blast and the white foaming surge,  
 Together will chant his sorrowfull dirge. Over



The Sailors' Funeral Continued -  
 And the wild water-spirit will rush from his cell,  
 And sigh o'er the sailor's funeral,

His remains were encircled in no coffin of wood,  
 But the waters of ocean will wear him a shroud,  
 Though no holy pastor prayed God to forgive him,  
 Yet Heaven will open its gates to receive him,  
 And seraphs will swell with the full choral psalm  
 And hallow the sailor's funeral.

Sailors' Mag-

I love the sea  
 I love the sea - the deep, unfathom'd blue.  
 With nought but billows & the sky in view,  
 The bounding bark, of strength & flutings proud,  
 And the dark shadow of the passing cloud.

I love the sea - when comes the crimson ray,  
 Of sunset, streaming o'er the liquid bay;  
 When shadowy twilight on the water falls,  
 And from on high the wild, free-sea-bird calls.

I love the sea - its rocky, wave-washed isles,  
 Where moonbeams sleep, & where fond nature smiles;  
 The sail that passes like a shadow by,  
 When night's dark curtain shrouds the sea & sky  
 Sailors' Mag-

### Tobacco Chewing

Suppose a man chews tobacco 50 years, and  
 each day consumes two inches of solid plug, it will  
 amount to 6375 feet being nearly one mile and a  
 quarter in length of solid tobacco  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick &  
 3 inches broad and it would cost \$1100

"Give us a nip of sling," (said a young man as he swaggered up to the bar of the village groggery) "to wash down the total lecture we have just been hearing."  
 "Nip of Sling" Thought I. Trying to analyze up



Up of Shing continued 31  
the cognomen - how appropriate!  
1st Shing as a verb means to throw or cast out, & as  
his "shing" will "throw" the remnant of his money to the  
winds - & if he has a family it will "throw" them into -  
1st Discouragement 2nd wretchedness & 3rd Upon the  
town - It will "sling" himself probably into  
1st Idleness 2nd into Debt 3rd into Crime - 4th into the  
ditch - 5th into prison 6th into a drunkard's grave &  
7th into a drunkard's Hell

Sailors' creed of Friday  
Columbus sailed from Spain on Friday, discovered  
land on Friday, and entered the port of Palos on  
Friday -  
The hull of Old Ironsides was laid on Friday - She was  
launched on Friday; went on Friday; fought her first  
battle on Friday; and discovered she had lost Genl  
Jackson's figure head on Friday,

Old Ireland  
Old Erin, green Erin, has scattered o'er earth,  
Wit, poetry, wisdom, & music & mirth;  
The Emerald ever, though chained in the sea,  
Gilds lustre to brighten the climes of the foe.  
Her statesmen, her patriots, her warriors roam,  
And her prophets find honor in every land;  
While Erin, poor Erin, still sits in the foam.  
Of old Ocean yet wraps inath despotic command.  
She the birthplace of genius but never the home;  
She still rocks the cradle, but builds not the dome,  
Ever like the green jewel, dispensing her rays.  
Though a diadem slaver for a conqueror's gaze.  
Yet proud & yet bright shall thy destiny be,  
First flower of the earth & first gem of the sea!

Here's a health to all good lasses  
Plunge it merrily fill your glasses,  
Let the bumper toast go round,  
May they live a life of pleasure,  
Without mixture without measure,  
For with these true joys are found - a more



## William the Brave —

By the side of yon streamlet there grows a green willow,  
 That bends to its surface & kisses each wave;  
 Beneath whose dark shade, with the soil for his pillow,  
 In peace rest the remains of William the brave.  
 There there o'er his grave does no stone tell his story,  
 No monument glitters in splendid array,  
 Oh no! — on the heart is recorded his glory,  
 On love's holy altar full never decay.

There, lonely at evening, when day is declining,  
 Sweet Mary, in sorrow, left him to his grave;  
 And moistens the flowers, in beauty entwining,  
 With tears to the memory of William the brave.  
 'Tis the test of affection, far sweeter appearing,  
 Than all the gay glitter that custom ere gave,  
 Ah heaven! 'tis a tribute & doubly endearing,  
 When shed by fond love, o'er the tomb of the brave.

## The Mariners Grave

I remember the night was stormy & wet,  
 And dismally dashed the dark wave,  
 While the rain & the sleet,  
 Cold & heavily beat,  
 On the mariners' new dug grave

I remember twas down in a darksome dale,  
 And near to a dreary cave,  
 Where the wild winds wail  
 Round the wanderer pale.  
 That I saw the Mariner's grave,

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,  
 And how sad was the look they gave,  
 As they o'ertook their load,  
 Near its last abode,  
 And gazed on the Mariner's grave

I remember no sound did the silence break,  
 As the corpse to the cart they gave,  
 Save the night bird's shriek,  
 And the coffin's creak,  
 As it sunk in the Mariner's Grave



The Mariners Grave Continued —  
 I remember a tear that slowly slid,  
 Slown the chuck of a misshapen bar,  
 It fell on the lid,  
 And soon was hid,  
 'Tis closed was The Mariners grave.

Now o'er his low bed the briar creeps,  
 And the wild flowers mournfully weep,  
 And the willow weeps,  
 And the moonbeam slips,  
 On the Mariners silent Grave —

Number of whale ships belonging to the district of New Bedford on December 31<sup>st</sup> 1840

Ports —	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Men.	Boys.	Tons
New Bedford —	138 "	33 "	10 "	4220 "	341 "	56753.20
Fairhaven —	33 "	13 "	5 "	1054 "	73 "	14144.55
Dartmouth —	3 "	0 "	0 "	67 "	7 "	874.24
Westport —	0 "	6 "	4 "	182 "	25 "	1629.23
Lippican —	2 "	2 "	4 "	151 "	21 "	1475.20
Mattapoisett —	0 "	5 "	3 "	154 "	14 "	1362.70
Wareham —	1 "	1 "	2 "	85 "	6 "	876.39
Total	177 "	60 "	23 "	5893 "	487 "	77115.61

A lady in taking up a newspaper, looks first to the marriages, then to the deaths, first to what is most to be desired, then to what is most to be dreaded. Like a pendulum in its oscillations, she leaves one extremity, only to gain on another; but she beautifully illustrates human life, which is itself a pendulum, vibrating between a smile and a fear. Phil North American.

That there are other causes for going into the army than the love of country or love of fight or glory appears from the following discovery of one of the heroes of the late war

"If Hannah hadn't bin so snappish, and made me do all the miffin and churmin' to, I never should have bin here. She told she guessed I'd be sorry I



34  
histid, but she drew me to distraction.  
I'd rather stand the bullets than her eternal clatter  
of tongue knives & forks & tin things. If she is a  
widder its all her own fault. Tell her I da dream  
about her & the baby sometimes. I kalkulate all  
things are fowardained to all eternity, and if I  
die fightin I shant have the expenses to pay off  
a long spell of sickness; good by Ephraim; you  
hant got no more tobacco than will do you sum  
have ye?"

To offend against Omnipotence, is desperate  
folly— against perfect holiness, desperate  
pollution— against unutterable goodness is  
desperate ingratitude

A chapter of good things  
A glass is good & a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,  
The world is good & the people are good  
And we're all good fellows together;  
A bottle it is ~~good~~ good thing,  
With a good deal of very good wine in it,  
A song is good, when a body can sing,  
And to finish we must begin it,  
A Table is good, when spread with good cheer,  
And good company sitting round it;  
When a good way off, we are not very near,  
And for sorrow the devil confound it;— for  
A glass is good &c  
A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,  
For that's a good time to try him;  
For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,  
With such a good present you buy him.  
A fine old woman is good when she is dead,  
A song is very good for good hanging;  
A fool is good by the nose to be led,  
And this good song deserves hurrahing— for  
A glass is good &c

The above song was written in just about no  
time while our second mate was reading aloud in  
a voice like young thunder  
Ed Wright



<sup>u</sup>From the Casket

<sup>u</sup>There is an anguish none can tell,  
<sup>u</sup>Save, those whose felt its madd'ning power,  
<sup>u</sup>'Tis when we're forced to bid farewell  
<sup>u</sup>To one we've loved from girlhood's hour,  
<sup>u</sup>The choking agony of heart—  
<sup>u</sup>The tear suspended in the eye—  
<sup>u</sup>The frequent, the convulsive start—  
<sup>u</sup>The long loud sob—the frantic sigh—  
<sup>u</sup>Declare the utter misery,  
<sup>u</sup>That rend the agitated breast,  
<sup>u</sup>To sever thus the holiest tie,  
<sup>u</sup>Affection ever yet possesseth!  
<sup>u</sup>'Tis very dear indeed to love,  
<sup>u</sup>When every hour glides gaily past,  
<sup>u</sup>And brightest hopes the bosom move,  
<sup>u</sup>But tears & farewells come at last.  
<sup>u</sup>Then—this is the time, that from the eye  
<sup>u</sup>So long adored, compelled to part,  
<sup>u</sup>Its gaze of lingering agony,  
<sup>u</sup>Do haunt forever the rift heart!  
<sup>u</sup>Then—this is the time, the first warm kiss,  
<sup>u</sup>Is snatched in haste, & scarce enjoyed,  
<sup>u</sup>Yet all unchic'd, the niggard bliss  
<sup>u</sup>Stolen when hope is just destroy'd!  
<sup>u</sup>Then—this is the time, the eager arms  
<sup>u</sup>(That bask full trembled at the thought)  
<sup>u</sup>Around the neck, in fond alarms,  
<sup>u</sup>Twine as the the strongest fetters wrought;  
<sup>u</sup>Then—this is the time the quivering hand  
<sup>u</sup>Holds us, with such stupendous power,  
<sup>u</sup>Who can its strength then understand  
<sup>u</sup>To weak, in a less trying hour?  
<sup>u</sup>Then—this is the time, the very soul  
<sup>u</sup>Seems with new ~~thunders~~ to melt,  
<sup>u</sup>As if restraint lost all controul,  
<sup>u</sup>And love alone was only felt.  
<sup>u</sup>Yes at that time mid sobs and tears,  
<sup>u</sup>(As precious moments hurry past.)  
<sup>u</sup>The love that was denied for years,  
<sup>u</sup>The own wild gush is told at last



## A Kiss— By W. B. Tyler

A kiss!— oh 'tis a magic spell  
 That wildly thrills the breast,  
 And bids it with emotions swell,  
 When lip to lip is pressed.  
 'Tis friendship's pledge— affection's seal,  
 And though a transient bliss,  
 Yet still the coldest heart must feel  
The raptures of a kiss.

A kiss— 'tis love's own tender breath—  
 The language of the heart—  
 The last communion held in death,  
 When friends forever part,  
 When gloomy cares disturb the breast,  
 No charm can soothe like this  
 The mind is sweetly lulled to rest  
Beneath a magic kiss.

A kiss— yes 'tis a dear delight,  
 Whose memory often cheers,  
 And shines through clouds serenely bright,  
 Recalling by-gone years.  
 Who hath not felt the bosom beat  
 With an ~~effarestatic~~ bliss,  
 As living souls together meet—  
In transports glowing kiss. W. B. Tyler

To him I love best—  
 Hear'st thou yon merry bells that ring?  
 The sound is kind— hear'st thou the strain  
 Of happy birds? Their music brings  
 Ah! thou wilt not refrain  
 From tenderness— may I do not grieve;  
 Thine lay thy hand upon my heart—  
 Grief cannot of its power deprive  
 Your love— no more, no more we'll part.

At sea Nov 13<sup>th</sup> 1841 Lat 37.30 South  
 Long 40. West in the ship Benjamin Rush of  
 Warren R. J. Anthony Gifford Master bound to  
 the Pacific Ocean for a whaling voyage  
 Going 10 knots an hour God speed us all



## On a star

There is a star beside the moon,  
 A little star, a twinkling star,  
 Flickering as if it would vanish soon  
 In the calm depths afar;  
 And yet that speck of wavering light,  
 Hung like a smile upon the night,  
 As gem on blue cymar,—  
 Has rolled a world—so say earth's suns—  
 For three ten thousand thousand years

Oh! God that auras like ours are done,  
 Adown that dreamy air—  
 Yet smiles that star & flickers on  
 As all within were fair;  
 And yet that world with wars & woes,  
 And crimes, & joys, & friends, & foes,  
 And fears, & wild despair,  
 And all the dark, deep throes of man  
 Hath been the same since Time began—  
 Basket.

## Thou art not near me—

Vainly I listen as eve draweth nigh,  
 Sadly doth glisten the tear in mine eye.  
 The footsteps that came, now cometh no more,  
 What sweet echo claimeth those fond sounds of yore?  
 Thou art not near me,  
 Mine own one to cheer me,  
 And fondly my heart counts the dear moments o'er.

Where art thou staying so distant & lone?  
 Voices are praying in love's gentle tone,  
 Still fondly they're calling thee, wishing thou'd come.  
 Oh! would they were bringing thee back to thy home,  
 Thou art not near me,

Mine own one to cheer me,  
 And gloom shades each pathway, while parted we  
 Summer is flying and autumn is near,  
 Bright leaves are dying, & flowers look sere.  
 The blossoms we loved are passing away.  
 Amid them are blighted the hues of decay Over



<sup>44</sup>  
 Thou art not near me— *Continued*  
 Thou art not near me,  
 Mine own: one to cheer me,  
 And darkness enshadows each once sunny ray—

When shall we bid thee thy fond maiden meet?  
 Who playfully chid thee for laggardly feet.  
 When shall their echo sound glad on her ear low?  
 Breathtaking a music sound she loved to hear low.

Will thou be near me,  
 Mine own one to cheer me?  
 Before the heart's summer is darkened & drear.  
 Catherine H. Waterman.

*Garde A' vous*  
 1<sup>st</sup> Young maidens, shield your guileless hearts,  
*Garde a' vous*  
 Love scatters round a thousand darts;  
*Garde a' vous*  
 Men have smiles for every one,  
 From flower to flower they wander on,  
 Glittering in life's noonday sun  
*Garde a' vous.*

2<sup>d</sup> Young maidens don't be won by smiles;  
*Garde a' vous;*  
 For every smile hath many wiles;  
*Garde a' vous;*  
 Nor must you be won by fears;  
 Sweetest beneath their glow appears,  
 Flattery to hath cunning ears;  
*Garde a' vous—*

3<sup>d</sup> Young maidens, seek a faithful heart,  
*Garde a' vous.*  
 And scorn to take a minor part  
*Garde a' vous;*  
 Men deceive where ere they can,  
 And Love's reign's but a little span  
 Willingly take an honest man  
*Garde a' vous—*

*Backst.*  
 Lat 40. South. Longitude 44. West. Staring  
 W by S. Nov 17<sup>th</sup> 1841— *D. Wright*



## Anacreontic Ballad

When sparkling nectar from the skies,  
 To mortals by great Jove was given,  
 'Twas meant to soothe man's cares and sighs  
 And make earth's wilderness a heaven!

But Beauty seized the cup divine,  
 And ere man's thirsty lip hath quaffed,  
 She breathed into the ruby wine,  
 Love's melting kiss to charm the draught.

And thus 'tis no Lethian bowl  
 For when the maddening draught is o'er  
 New fires inflame the Lover's soul,  
 And rage more fiercely than before.

## Autumn - By H. B. Horst

Hurrah for Brown Autumn. hurrah hurrah,  
 He cometh o'er valley & plain;  
 And the wailing wind is his note of war,  
 And many a wean are the slain.  
 He has won a robe from the scarlet leaf,  
 And a crown from the ivy green;  
 On his hand he carries a stoup of wine,  
 He's a jolly fellow & ween.

The poet may sing, the beauties of Spring,  
 May prate of the seasons of love;  
 But give me the hour when Autumn flings,  
 His mantle o'er meadow & grove.  
 The moan of the winds is the song for me,  
 And oh! sweet is their mournful cry,  
 For they tell that cometh the autumn King,  
 And they shout as he passeth by.

See! he bringeth with him, the sparkling frost,  
 And the bright blossoms soon decay.  
 And the Summer birds from the forest brown,  
 To the warm south have fled away.  
 But he gives us instead, the mellow fruit,  
 And the gay reapers, harvest song,  
 And the hunters home through the naked wood  
 As he ceases the foot along.



Autumn By H. B. Hirst. Continued  
 Hurrah for brother Autumn. hurrah. hurrah,  
 He cometh o'er valley & plain;  
 As a conqueror rides o'er a field of war.  
 And tramples the brasts of the slain—  
 The wild tempests shout is his battle cry,  
 The sharp frost is his keen edged sword,  
 And blossom & leaf, & the waving grass,  
 Shall bow them in death at his word  
Caskin

### Home

Why, Oh! why my heart this sadness?  
 Why mind seems like these declines?  
 Where all, though strange, is joy & gladness.  
 Say, what wish can yet be thine?  
 Oh! say what wish can yet be thine?

All that's dear to me is wanting,  
 Love & cherishes here I roam,  
 The stranger's joys how'er enchanting—  
 To me can never be like Home.  
 To me can never be like Home.

Give me those! I ask no other.  
 Those that bless the humble dome;  
 Where dwell my father & my mother.  
 Give oh give me back my Home—  
 My own, my own dear native Home.  
 Col George

### The Sea — A Song

The sea — the sea — the open sea,  
 The blue, the fresh, the rare free,  
 Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runs with the earth's wide regions round.  
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies  
 As like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea — I'm on the sea,  
 I am where I would ever be,

Up



The Sea. (a song) Continua  
 With the blue above, & the blue below,  
 And silence whosoever I go,  
 Off a storm should come & wake the sleep—  
 What matter? I shall ride & sleep

I love oh! how I love to ride  
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting Tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the moon  
 As whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the Lord's worst blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull Firm shore,  
 But I loved the great sea more & more,  
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeks its mother's nest,  
 And a mother she was & is to me,  
 For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, & o'er the moon,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born;  
 And the whale she whistled the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
 As welcomed to life the ocean's child.

I've lived since then in calm & strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend & a power to range,  
 But never have sought or sighed for change.  
 And Death whenever he comes to me,  
 Shall find me on the unbounded sea.

Song. By Edward Vere  
 One thought for me, my love,  
 When the silent-midnight hour;  
 Touches all around, above.

With the magic of its power,  
 When the heart is full & deep

With the tenderest of feelings,  
 And the silken lid of sleep.

Is raised to bright revelations. Over



Song. By Edward Van Courten

3 If thou then chance to see  
Gay visions flit before thee,  
Many lovers bend the knee,  
And promise to adore thee;  
Ere a thought of him arise,  
Once a captive in thy net,—  
But who now may thank the skies  
That he baffled a coquette. (First rate)

The Lass that loves a sailor  
The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,  
Offering a chequered light;  
The gay jolly tars passed the word for a tipple,  
And the Toast for Twas Saturday night.  
Some sweetheart or wife,  
He loved as his life,  
Each drank & wished he could hail her  
But the standing Toast,  
That pleased them most  
Was the wind that blows  
The ship that goes  
And the lass that loves a sailor—

Some drink the King, some to his fine ships,  
And some the Constitution;  
Some may the Truck & all such ripes,  
Yields to sailor's resolution,  
What fate might bless  
Some Poll or Bess,  
And that they soon might hail her,  
But the standing Toast &c

Some drank to the Prince & some our Land,  
This glorious land of freedom;  
Some that gay tars may never want,  
Heroin's ban to lead them.  
That she who's in distress may find  
Such friends as never will fail her  
But the standing Toast &c



## A Singular Character

43

Miss Rebecca Cooper died at the age of 80 years in Hagerstown. she was a very singular character. she was a very secluded woman and devoid of all curiosity concerning the doings of the world around her. If it be true that home is the appropriate sphere of woman, then she was an example perhaps unparalleled. She resided in the family of a Mr Kincy 30 years and although blessed with a degree of health & activity unusual at her age, being able until a few days before her death to oversee her domestic affairs, and to attend regularly the Presbyterian Church of which she was a member. Yet in all the 30 years she was never but once in West Washington street, which was about 17 years ago, when she witnessed the consecration of the new Episcopal Church; and on her way thither she saw the court house for the first & only time although it is but one square from her residence. She was never at the market house in her life which was only one square distant, and up to the time of her death she frequently talked of going to see the new jail, which has been built about 15 years, but she never saw it. About 15 years ago, she was prevailed on to ride in a carriage 2 1/2 miles, to see the new turnpike which was then being made from Boonstoro to Hagerstown, which was the only instance during the whole 30 years that she ever rode in any vehicle. It is believed to be the only time she was ever out of town. Mr Kincy's store is under the same roof with his dwelling; yet she was never in the store but once, which was about 25 years ago, when after earnest solicitations she was induced to go in see it, but never afterward evinced the least disposition to repeat the visit, nor was she ever in any other store or dwelling house during the whole period of 30 years. The only books she read were the Bible and the Pilgrims progress, but from these acquired that knowledge which was much much more valuable in the hour of death, than any she could have acquired by mingling with the world; or more extended travels.

Universal Yankee Nation



# <sup>119</sup>The Skylark

When morning's radiance gilds the east,  
 And robes the dewy fields in light;  
 The lark outspreads his shining wings,  
 And gaily takes his heavenward flight.  
 His parting song he hymns to earth,  
 As merrily he mounts on high,  
 To bathe his wings in ether's glow,  
 And roam through fields of azure sky.  
 Bird of the sky! who does not love  
 To see the plume thy feathery breast?  
 And hear the chant thy rous'd lay,  
 When soaring from thy place of rest?

The cotter points to thee with joy,  
 As from his home, at dawn of day,  
 He sees thee sporting high in air,  
 To welcome Phoebus on his way.  
 The ploughboy treading through the fields,  
 Hears thy sweet note, yet sees thee not;  
 In wonder looks above - around!  
 Searches each hedge - scans every spot.  
 Yet vain his search, for thou art far,  
 Above the reach of mortal eye.  
 Thy song will soon be lost to earth;  
 'Tis sent for heav'n's own minstrelsy!

O. L. Forster

To - Miss E. Nobles -  
 My life is all one dream of thee,  
 Sweetest one & dearest!  
 Sleeping - waking - still to me  
 Ever - ever nearest!  
 But to see thee, sleep I'd never;  
 But to dream, I'd slumber ever!  
 There's not a thought that flows along,  
 The channels of my soul,  
 Or steals in silence or in song,  
 But on to thee will roll.  
 The fount streams forth without a hue -  
 The bright sky makes the waters blue.



<sup>my</sup> The Female Auctioneer  
 "Wholl buy a heart? Young Sarah cries.  
 Sarah the blooming & the fair;  
 Whose lovely form & dove-like eyes,  
 Can banish grief & soothe despair.

Come bid - my heart is up for sale;  
 "Will no one bid? Pray, Sirs, consider,  
 'Tis sound & kind, & fond & hale,  
 And a great bargain to the bidder.

"I'll bid" says Crispall "I will pay  
 'A thousand eagles promptly told."  
 "That is no bid, sir, - let me say,  
 A faithful heart is not bought with gold.

"I'll bid with marriage, faith & flight  
 A heart," says Dick "with love overflowing,"  
 Ay - how's a bid that's something like  
 And now my heart is going, going.

A Parents Thought  
 I've seen a lovely rose to day,  
 But ere to morrow's dawn,  
 It may all pale & withered lie,  
 Upon a ruthless thorn.

So the sweet child that smiles to day,  
 We cannot call our own,  
 For ere another day has fled  
 We may its exit mourn.

Christian Watchman

And take this as a secret worth half a fortune to  
 you, that women, however vain they may be them-  
 selves, despise vanity in men.

Jealousy - To have a Trustworthy wife, you must  
 begin, even before marriage, to shew her that  
 you have no doubts, suspicions or fears in re-  
 gard to her, -- For all women despise jealous men,  
 and if they marry them it is not from affection they do it.



"I was on one summer's morning the weather  
A mother & her daughter walked out to take the air.  
And as they were ~~walking~~ the maid began to vow  
Saying I must and will get married for the fit <sup>comes on me now</sup>

"O daughter daughter pray hold your foolish tongue.  
And do not talk of marrying for you know you are too <sup>young</sup>  
"Why my age is full 16 & that you will allow  
So I must & will get married &c &c &c"

"Supposing you should try my love should not succeed"  
"O never fear dear mother for there is the sailor Ned,"  
"He came unto me last night milching my cow,"  
"So I must & will get married &c &c &c"

"Supposing he should slight you as he has done before,"  
"Why never mind dear mother for there is a plenty more,"  
"There is the tailor, the sailor & the last that follows the plough"  
"So I must & will get married &c &c &c"

"Long nights are coming on, cold & tedious is the weather,"  
"It's hard for one to lie alone when two can lie together,"  
"And as for living an old maid I won't I do vow"  
"So I must & will get married for the fit comes on me now"

But to dream, I'd slumber ever!  
There's not a thought that flows along,  
The channels of my soul,  
Or, steals in silence or in song,  
But on to thee will roll,  
The fount streams forth without a hue,  
The bright sky makes the waters blue.



47

Newspaper. A newspaper resembles the world. The large capitals are aristocrats; the Roman letters are the men, and the italic the women. Every form is a nation with the big bugs at the head; and as in every form there are various pieces, so are there different classes, societies, and sects in the world. The four pages of the newspaper are Europe, Asia, Africa, & America. The first page is Asia, as the first quarter that was peopled. The second or editorial page, is Europe, the opinionated spokesman of the world. The third page, mostly covered with advertisements, is America, with all its train of wooden nutmegs, thrifts, and hasty swallowed dinners. The fourth page is of course Africa, and like that quarter of the globe is seldom explored. M. H. A.

Slavery. Sir John Hawkins afterwards an Admiral in & Treasurer of the English Navy - was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave trade - in the year 1562, he went a voyage and obtained 300 slaves.

Dress. Even if fine clothes should obtain you a wife, will they bring you, in that wife, frugality, good sense, and that kind of attachment, which is likely to be lasting? Natural beauty of person is quite another thing; this always has, & always will & must have, some weight even with men, and great weight with women. But this does not need to be set off by expensive clothes. Female eyes, are, in such cases, very discerning; they can discover beauty though surrounded by rags. And take this as a secret worth half a fortune to you, that women, however vain they may be themselves, despise vanity in men.

Jealousy - To have a trustworthy wife, you must begin, even before marriage, to shew her that you have no doubts, suspicions or fears in regard to her. - For all women despise jealous men, and if they marry them it is not from affection they do it.



48 In choosing for a wife you may know if she be extravagant by noticing if she is fond of earrings, broaches, bracelets, buckles, necklaces, and nearly all the ornaments which women put upon their persons, —

To marry a girl who is fond of these things is really self destruction, — Earn her a horse to ride, she will want a gig; earn the gig, she will want a chariot; earn a chariot, she will want a coach & four; and from stage to stage she will torment you to the end of your, or her days; for as long as any body has a finer equipage than she has, she never can rest; Remember that, that girl who has not sense enough to perceive that her person is disfigured and not beautified by parcels of brass & tin or even gold and silver, — is not entitled to a full measure of the confidence of her husband when she marries.

If a woman wear her shoes trodden down on one side, loose on her feet, or run down at the heel it is a bad sign; and as to going shipshod, though at coming down stairs in the morning, age even before daylight, make your mind to a rope rather than to live with that woman as your wife.

Young Man Quick in  
the choice of a wife —

The best remedy for melancholly in a wife is — Both arms full of children, and a fair prospect of more, but if this fail give her a little real trouble, a little genuine affliction and they will generally effect a cure. (God save me from the children)

Oct 27<sup>th</sup> 1639. Two persons named Wm Robinson & Margaburke Stephenson, were executed and Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1660 Mary Dyer was also executed for their adherence to quaker (friend) principles in Boston. Hinton's History of U. S. A.



# Savings Bank.

The following calculations will show the rapid increase of small savings at only 4 per cent per annum

Twenty-five cents a week laid by, and each four weeks deposited in the Savings Bank will amount in		1 year to	\$13.12c
fifty cents saved and put in in the same way		2 " "	26.24c
will amount to		3 " "	40.99c
1 year to		4 " "	55.75c
2 " "		5 " "	71.12c
3 " "		10 " "	157.81c
4 " "		one dollar each week will be	
5 " "		in 1 year	
2 " "		2 " "	\$52.78c
3 " "		3 " "	107.40c
4 " "		4 " "	164.83c
5 " "		5 " "	224.27c
10 " "		10 " "	286.12c
20 " "		20 " "	634.89c
Three dollars now put in will amount in		\$100 now put in will amount in	
1 year to		5 years to	\$121.90c
2 " "		10 " "	148.59c
3 " "			
4 " "			
5 " "			
10 " "			

The sum of the value of three drinks of grog a day is 12c. This saved would amount in

1. week to	\$00.84c
1. year to	43.68c
5. years to	218.40c
10. years to	436.80c

One pound of tobacco is worth 30c and a tobacco chum will use 1 pound a month, this will amount to

in 1 year	\$ 3.60c
5 " "	18.00c
10 " "	36.00c

Now take the \$436.80c and then the \$36.00 and they make \$472.80

\$472.80 would buy very many things much more usefull than rum and tobacco. (I wonder why somebody dont try it and see how it will work in practice as well as theory)

Illwright



Mother

Who that has known a mother's love,  
 Can ever forget her accents mild?  
 Her tears, her prayers, must ever prove,  
 The tie that binds her to her child;  
 The world may use her offspring ill:  
 He may become debased and low,  
 But pity, on that altar still,  
 Shingles with love a brighter glow.

There's not a name on earth more dear,  
 Than that the Fount first learns to speak;  
 There's not a bosom more sincere,  
 Than where we laid our infant cheek.  
 There's none where half the feeling glows,  
 As that which burns within her breast,  
 An altar there, the light still shows  
 Of earthly friends she is the best.

S. A. C. e

Temperance

O take the maddening bowl away,  
 Remove the poisonous cup;  
 My soul is sick - its burning ray,  
 Hath drunk my spirit up.

Say not behold its ruddy hue,  
 "O press it to thy lips!"  
 For tis more deadly than the dew,  
 That from the Uvas drips.

Say not, "It hath a spell to, soothe"  
 The soul in misery deep;  
 Go ask thy conscience if the bowl,  
 Can give eternal sleep!

Go I will have no more of thee,  
 Thou bane of Adam's race;  
 But to a heavenly fountain flee  
 And drink the dew it gives.

Dabth B. e



## The Soul

Not all that tongue can say, or pen can write,  
 The value of the immortal soul can tell;  
 Doomed to ascend the worlds of endless light,  
 Or sink to regions of an endless hell,  
 Suspended on each hour we live, hangs all  
 The weal or woe of our eternal home,  
 The present now we hear the Gospel's call,  
 Embraced we live, refused we are undone!  
 The blood of Christ was freely shed for us—  
 All Heaven would bid us "come in welcome" there;  
 O let us now escape this dreadful curse,  
 Fly to the saviour, & his mercy share.

## The Sailor's Hymn.

Sons of the ocean, rock'd on the billow,  
 Cradled 'mid dangers unknown to the shore;  
 Your lullaby song as you rest on your pillow,  
 Is nought but the sound of the deep ocean's roar.

Do not forget, as around you are blowing,  
 The winds that propel you away from our sight,  
 For you on the banks of Hushubet, are flowing,  
 The prayers of the righteous, noon, morning & night.

Do not forget one that long has devoted  
 His life to your cause, & we think not in vain;  
 For sure by his efforts some have been promoted  
 To rank with the Christian much higher than name.

Remember, when Ocean around you is raging,  
 When over you hangs the dark threatening cloud;  
 Remember that here is a beacon flag waving,  
 Where prayers for your safety are oft long & loud.

Remember the voyage of your life is soon over,  
 That the waves of eternity ceaselessly roll;  
 Remember while life is around you to hover,  
 Remember, brave sailor, immortal is your soul.

Sailor brave sailor, time is fast flying,  
 Heaven's gates they are nearly in view;  
 Soon in that port you will surely be lying.  
 Be true to your flag, brave sailor be true E. M.



My Mother

Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hushed me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye  
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,  
And soothed me that I should not cry?

My Mother

Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother

When pain and sickness made me cry.  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And prayed that I should not die?

My Mother

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell  
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother

Who taught my infant lips to pray  
To love God's holy Book and Day,  
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother

And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate & kind to thee,  
Who was so very kind to me—

My Mother?

Ah! no the thought I will not bear,  
And if God please my life to spare,  
I hope I shall reward thy care

My Mother—

When thou art feeble, old & grey,  
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away

My Mother

And when I see thee hang thy head  
I will be my turn to watch thy bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed

My Mother.

UP



My Mother - Continued  
 For God Who lives above the skies,  
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,  
 If I should ever dare despise

My Mother

My Father  
 Who took me from my Mother's arms,  
 And, smiling at her soft alarms,  
 Showed me the world & nature's charms?

My Father  
 Who made me feel and understand,  
 The wonders of the sea & land,  
 And mark through all the Maker's hand?

My Father  
 Who from each flower, & verdant stalk,  
 Gather'd a hoarded store of talk,  
 To fill the long delightful walk?

My Father  
 Not on an insect would he tread,  
 Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,  
 Who taught at once my heart and head?

My Father  
 Who fired my breast with a hero's fame,  
 And taught the high & noble theme, that  
 That mighty flashed upon my dream?

My Father  
 Who move in pale & placid light,  
 Of memory gleams upon my sight,  
 Bursting the sepulchre of night?

My Father  
 O teach me still the Christian plan -  
 Thy practice with thy precept ran -  
 Do not desert me now - a man.

My Father  
 Let thy child - boy's heart rejoice,  
 With a charm of thy angelic voice,  
 Still prompt the motor and the choice

My Father -  
 Spirit of the Public Journals of 1805  
 On board the Bay Rush 70 miles East from  
 San Francisco



To Miss Sarah M. C.  
 The blustering winds are hushed on high,  
 The dark'nd clouds are all withdrawn;  
 And stealing to the western sky.  
 The evening shades move o'er the lawn.

The woodlark pours her sweetest song  
 That softly sinks as day retires;  
 And as it dies the vale along,  
 A harmony of soul inspires.

Calm as this closing hour of day,  
 And bliss with harmony as sweet;  
 May Sarah's seasons glide away,  
 And peace and joy her wishes meet;  
 And may no dark relentless storm  
 Her tranquil happiness deform. — Ibid

The Sailor Boy  
 Dark flew the scud along the wave,  
 And echoing thunders rent the sky;  
 All hands aloft to meet the storm,  
 At midnight was the boatswain's cry

On deck flew every gallant tar,  
 But one bereft of every joy;  
 Within a hammock's narrow bound,  
 Lay stretched a helpless sailor boy.

Once when the boatswain piped all hands,  
 The first was he of all the crew;  
 On deck to spring — to trim the sail,  
 To stow — to reef — to furl or clew.

Now fell disease had seized a form,  
 Which nature cast in finest mould;  
 The midwatch bell now smote his heart,  
 His last his dying knell it tolled.

"O God" he cried and gasped for breath,  
 "Ere yet my soul shall leave the skin,"  
 "Are there no parents — brethren near,"  
 "To close in death my weary eyes" Wp



The Sailor Boy - continued  
 "All hands aloft to brave the storm,  
 I hear the winter tempest roar:  
 He raised his head to view the ocean,  
 And backward fell to rise no more.

The morning sun in splendour rose  
 The gale was hushed & still'd the wave;  
 The sailor far from all his friends,  
 Was plung'd into a watery grave.

But <sup>up</sup> ~~the~~ who guards the sailor's head,  
 He, who can save, or can destroy,  
 Snatched up to Heaven the purest soul,  
 That e'er adorned a Sailor boy - *Ibid*

### Hope

How sad is friendships parting hour,  
 When anxious throbs the bosom swell,  
 How fondly memory lingers o'er,  
 The vanished forms we loved so well.  
 Alas what anguish rends the heart,  
 In that sad hour when friends must part.

Yet young eyed hope shall turn the view,  
 & churing some of bliss to pain.  
 When starting tears the eyes bedew,  
 And all expression shall be faint.  
 To mark the joy with which we greet,  
 The rapturous hour when friends shall meet. *Ibid*

### The Land of our Birth

There is not a spot in this wide peopled earth  
 So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;  
 'Tis the home of our childhood! The beautiful spot  
 Which memory retains when all else is forgot.  
 May the blessings of God  
 Ever hallow the sod.  
 And its valleys & hills by our children be trod.  
 Over



The Land of our Birth. Continued  
 Can the language of strangers in accents unknown,  
 Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?  
 The face may be fair, & the smile may be bland,  
 But it breeds this not the tones of our dear native land!

There's no spot on earth  
 Like the land of our birth,  
 Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar & hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to bind,  
 The dear name of parent, of brother & friend;  
 Which taught us to hie on our mother's loved breast,  
 The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest.

May the blessings of God  
 Ever hallow the sod.  
 And its valleys & hills by our children be trod.  
 Monthly Repository of Knowledge.

The dwelling of my choice. By J. F. Smith.  
 Away, when the ocean with deafening roar,  
 Whells under and round me, behind & before,  
 When, dashing & foaming, it ever has place,  
 And tossing of billows & waves never cease  
 When, grandeur & might, all this wonder <sup>prepar-</sup>  
 Let the scene be sublime - and, my dwelling be there.  
 Or -

Where storms never meet, & winds never blow -  
 Beyond where the stars in their brilliancy glow -  
 Where millions of suns in their majesty burn,  
 And blaze on the eyes from each point where ~~they~~ turn;  
 Where seraphs & angels & sainted ones be -  
 The loved ones on earth I shall never more see -  
 Where bliss flows in richness that man cannot tell,  
 And God shines in glory - O there let me dwell -

### Epigram

Once two divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,  
 In merry mood, o'er Boston neck were riding,  
 At length a simple structure met their sight,  
 From whence the felon takes his humpin' flight.  
 When, sailor like, he squares accounts with hope,  
 'Tis all depending on a single rope -

Up



## Epigram - Continued

"Where, my friend," cried one "where were you,"  
 "Had your gallows been allowed its due?"  
 "Where" said the other in sarcastic tone,  
 "Why where but riding into town alone." Good

## A good story

A lawyer in cross examining a witness, asked him among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, "in company with two friends." "Friends" says the lawyer, "two thieves, I suppose, you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness "for they are both lawyers!"

A virgin of 25 years of age, was once throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a young man on the wrong side of 40 observed that "marriages were made in Heaven" Can you tell me, Sir, rejoined the sly nymph, why they are so slow, in coming down?

## The Sailor

Dark rolls the sea - and I can hear,  
 Nought save the winds low moan;  
 No light marks out my pathway clear,  
 But I am not alone.

God, who has been my guardian through  
 Life's divers, thorny maze,  
 My future welfare will pursue,  
 On land, or on the sea.

On land I could no safer rest,  
 Or more securely sleep;  
 I seem soft cradled on His breast,  
 While bounding o'er the deep.

He calms the tempest & the storm,  
 And stills the sweeping wind;  
 And to a weak & feeble worm  
 He never proves unkind.

Sailor's Mag



## Sailor's Life

How happy is the Sailor's life,  
 From coast to coast to roam;  
 In every port he finds a wife,  
 In every land a home.

He loves to range,  
 He's no where strange,  
 He never will turn his back,  
 To friend or foe;  
 No masters, no;

My life for honest Jack

He loves to range &c.

Of dancy fops dare make a noise,  
 And to the sword appeal;  
 Will out, and quickly larn 'em boys,  
 With whom they have to deal,  
 We know no craft,  
 But for & aft.

Lay on our strokes amain,  
 Then if they're stout,  
 For 'tother bout,

We'll drub 'em o'er again.

We know no craft &c.

On fair, or foul let fortune blow,  
 Our hearts are never dull;  
 The pocket that to day ebbs low,  
 To morrow shall be full.

For if so be

We want 'd ye see,

A pluck of this here stuff,

In Indi-a

and Americ-a

We are sure to find enough.

For if so be &c.



Bye-past Time.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,  
The leaf upon the bough is seen.  
The wind comes from the balmy west,  
The little singer builds its nest,  
The bee hums on from flower to flower,  
Till Twilight's dim & pensive hour;  
The joyous year arrives; but when  
Shall bye-past Time come back again?

I think on childhood's glowing years,  
How soft, how bright the scene appears!  
How calm, how cloudless, passed away,  
The long, long, summer holiday!  
I may not muse, I must not dream—  
So beautiful these visions seem  
For earth's mortal men, but when  
Shall bye-past Time come back again?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,  
So deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,  
When through the blooming fields I roved,  
With her, the earliest dearest loved;  
Around whose form I yet survey,  
In thought a bright celestial ray,  
So present seems denied; and when  
Shall bye-past Time come back again?

Has the world at distance run,  
Appared all blissful & serene,  
An Eden formed to tempt the foot,  
With crystal streams, & golden fruit;  
That world when Fried & Good is found.  
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!  
We then revert to youth; but when  
Shall bye-past Time come back again?

Grammar. "Well, Miss" said a knight of the bichen  
rod. "Can you decline a kiss?" "Yes sir" said the girl dropping  
a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most pla-  
-guily.  
Poetry is the jingle of silver dollars in these shin-  
-plaster days



A wet sheet & a flowing sea,  
 And a wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white & rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast;  
 And bends the gallant mast my boys,  
 While like an eagle free,  
 Away our good ship flies, and leaves  
 Columbia on our lee.

O give me a wet sheet & a flowing sea  
 And a wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white & rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast

O, for a soft & gentle wind,  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the roaring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high;  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 Our good ship tight and free;  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we  
 O give me &c &c

Thunders rumpest in your horned moon,  
 And lightning in your cloud—  
 And hark the music, mariners,  
 The winds are piping loud;  
 The winds are piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.  
 O give me &c &c

My Bounding Bark  
 My bounding bark, I fly to thee.  
 I'm wearied of the shore,  
 I long to hail the swelling sea  
 And wander free once more,  
 A sailors life of reckless glee  
 That only is the life for me

Up



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My Bounding Bark - Continued  
I was not born for fashion's slave,  
Or the dull city's strife;  
Be mine the spirit-stirring war,  
And roving sailors life.  
A life of freedom on the sea,  
That only is the life for me.

I was not born for lighted halls,  
Or the gay revels round.  
My music is where Ocean calls,  
And echoing rocks resound.  
The wandering sailor's life of gloom,  
That only is the life for me.

The Wine Cup. By a Sailor -  
Away, away. Thou sparkling cress,  
Whose poison in thy ruddy stream;  
Thou shroud of death, the sable hearse,  
Upon the golden ripples gleam.  
Thy tide the heavy heart may wake,  
To feelings of the liveliest joy,  
But ah! it is the gilded snake,  
That fascinates but to destroy.

Away, away, accursed thing,  
For well I know accursed thou art,  
Away thy baneful tide will bring  
Destruction to the noblest heart.  
Before its blighting influence fall,  
The fairest, fondest hopes of friends;  
Thy holds the heavy heart in thrall,  
The silken tie of friendship rinds.

Away, away, in boyhood's prime,  
Before I knew thy poisoned flood,  
This scared heart was void of crime,  
And virtue on its tablets stood,  
A father's fond affection threw,  
Around my path its brighter beams,  
And in a mother's love I knew,  
A life made up of joyous dreams.

{Over}



The Wine Cup. Continued  
 Away, away. The poisoned Tide  
 Shall ne'er salute my lips again;  
 Away, away. Thou art Deceit,  
 I will not wear thy galling chain.  
 For I have learned how vile thou art,  
 And reason has regained her sway;  
 No longer o'er my wounded heart  
 Shalt thou have power, away, away —

Note. The preceding verses are the production of a  
 sailor confined in State's prison and written in  
 the solitude of his cell.

Origin of Life & Death.  
 A curd Of w d dis & p  
 a sed ind wrought ea th ease aiv.  
 ble fr b h b & ag.

A curd friend wrought death disease & pain.  
 A blessed friend brought health & ease again.

Home  
 Say, what is home? a word of love —  
 The nursery of each soft feeling —  
 The glass each glowing heart revealing —  
 Foretaste of a eternal home above.

Home, is the wanderer's place of rest;  
 The absent fond one's beacon light,  
 How welcome to the anxious sight  
 Of him with worldly cares oppressed.

Home is the fond wife's loved domain,  
 There be all of her happiness,  
 The spot which she is fain to bless,  
 Where peace, & love, & friendship reign.

Home is the pulse of joy — the life  
 Of all that's worth our possessing;  
 But oh, how rich, how doubly blest the blessing  
 A home made happy by a much loved wife  
 Alexander's Messenger



A great Recitation - Laughable.

The schoolmaster was in a great hurry - he had just received a letter from his Dulcinea, & the "jography" class was disposed of in double quick time.

Polynesia, where situated, what are the products, the inhabitants, Latitude & longitude &c & how is it bounded? Said the pedagogue, to a huge red headed boy, whose face bore the expression of a Turkey egg, with feet like battering rams.

Ans - Pollykneshai is an independent group of islands in the antieriors of the desert Sarahharrer, on the coast of Cornwall. Its products is bilin springs, Cowcumbers, Fortoise shell cannibals, and sometimes women & children. The inhabitants is for the most part Kalmae Portars & Fother is Chakus & Syimus.

Latitude & longitude is ditto. It is bounded on all sides by the Chinese wall, which was erected to prevent the nocturnal visits of the equator into the Caspian sea, and on the south by the Spharibbean ishmark, & the promontories which is uncommonly kind - and at high water mark with shetland porries, and other animals of the same class. The religion is like the products, intolerance & idle worship."

{ James Butler did not teach that school, see

### How to get on <sup>in</sup> the World

To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary - to get up, you must keep down. Following riches is like following wild geese, you must crawl after both on your belly. The minute you pop up your head off they go whistling down the wind, & you see no more of them. If you have not the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of birds lime upon your office stool, & set down on it, get a chain around your leg, and chain yourself to your counter like a pair of scissors; nail yourself against the wall of your place of business; like a wrast on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what will be best of all - marry an honest poor girl, without a penny, & my life for yours, if you don't do business, I won't mind what your relations say about talent, learning, genius, &c.



How to get on in the world - Continued.  
 - and such stuff: when they come advising you for  
 your good, stick up to them for the love of a sovereign.  
 & if ever you see them on your side of the street again,  
 shiver me and welcome; but to get on in the world  
 I tell you over & over again you must be a stickler.  
 You may get fat on a rock if you never quit your  
 hold of it. Blackwoods Mag -

### A Busy Fellow -

There is an editor down east, who is not only his  
 own compositor, pressman & devil, but keeps a  
 tavern is village schoolmaster, capt of the militia,  
 mends his own boots & shoes, makes patent Brand-  
 -orth pills, juggles resumes & Fin ware two days  
 in the week, & always reads sermons on the sabbath  
 when the minister happens to be missing. In ad-  
 -dition to all this he has a wife & sixteen chil-  
 -dren - New Era -

### The Motherless - By Mrs Abby -

Thou hast kissed that mothers clay cold cheek.  
 Thou knowest that her accents, kind and meek,  
 Can't cheer thy listening ear again;  
 Thou hast joined the gloomy funeral train,  
 And thy tears have flowed over the silent dead -  
 But those tears were banished as soon as shed;  
 O! the infant heart is slow to guess,  
 The woes in store for the Motherless.

Thy father loves thee, yet earthly cares  
 Spread in his way their engrossing snare.  
 He toils for thee in the world's vast mart,  
 But he only gives thee a share of his heart:  
 There are none to point out thy budding charms,  
 Or to place thee fondly in his arms,  
 And his passing visit and brief cares  
 Can little profit the Motherless.

But thy childish gleam is a blessed boon.  
 The knowledge of ill will come all too soon,  
 Thou shalt tread in study's rugged ways,  
 And welcome no fond familiar praise;



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The Motherless. By Mrs. Aldy. Continued  
Thou must not paint in thy dreams of bliss,  
The clasp<sup>ing</sup> arm or the thrilling kiss;  
A home indeed thou wilt still possess,  
But dearer is the home of the Motherless.

When the flattering world shall the steps invite,  
To its flowery paths and its halls of light,  
Thou wilt not the precious safeguard hear,  
Of a gentle mother's whispered prayer.  
Those flowers shall perish, that light decline,  
And the pangs of blighted hope be thine;  
But who shall pity thy soul's distress—  
There are few who feel for the Motherless.

I may not the fearfull storms allay,  
That darkly threaten the future day;  
I can but pray that a heavenly arm,  
May kindly shield thee from wrong & harm,  
O turn, dear child, to One above,  
His mercy is more than human love,  
And his power can even soothe and bless  
The thorny path of the Motherless

<sup>my</sup>  
To Miss E. L. Candy  
So rough, so rude, so gentle, true,  
And changing still about,  
No man in peace can live with you,  
Nor live in peace without

The Compass or Christian Sailor  
Dark is the night, & loud the wind;  
The seaman's dreary watch I keep,  
And strive in this lone waste to find  
Some solace for the weary mind,  
Denied the balm of sleep.

And is there not a lesson taught  
The seaman, as his course he steers?  
Behold his precious compass fraught  
With document of serious thought,  
And quiet for his fears

Over



The Compass, O Christian Sailor, continue  
 The needle, see, its course maintain!—  
 Though mountain-high the billows roll,  
 And foam, & toss and pour again  
 Their briny torrent.— 'Twill remain  
 Aye steady to the pole.

Why? with the magnet's wondrous power,  
 An artist touch'd the quivering steel.  
 It knew no guidance 'Till that hour,  
 For since hath anchored,— storms may loud,  
 'Twill still that influence feel

So I, though rude, may learn to know  
 The power of grace upon the soul;  
 The storm may rise— the tempest blow—  
 My heaven-taught faith no change shall know  
 Aye steady to its pole.

The winds are hushed. the storm is o'er;  
 Light moves the ship on ocean's breast  
 Thou shalt in reach the wished for shores  
 When reach,— ay, when, to leave no more,  
 The port of endless rest?

So, a child at play with a watch  
 Art thou laughing at time, in thy sweet baby-glee?  
 Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?  
 Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,  
 That smile of bewilder'd, and beaming surprise—  
 Bid him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,  
 When dimples are playing "bo-peep" with the roses!  
 His winn'd brow press with thy light kiss & warm,  
 And clasp his rough neck in thy soft weathering arm!  
 Perhaps thy infantine & exquisite sweetness  
 May win him for once to delay his flut'ness.  
 Then— then would I keep thee my beautiful child!  
 Thy blue eyes unclouded thy bloom undefiled,  
 With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill.  
 In life's sunny dawning—a lily-bud still  
 Laugh on, my own Ellen! His voice, which to me  
 Giv' a warbling so solemn, makes music for thee!



To a child at play with a watch. Continued  
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,  
Thou hearest but the tick of the pretty gold toy!  
Thine smile is upon thee, my blessed, my own!  
Long—long may it be ere thou fallest his frown.  
And oh, may his tread as he wanders with thee,  
Light & soft as thine own little fairy steps be;  
And still through all seasons, in storms & fair weather,  
May mine & thy Ellen be playmates together.  
Mrs J. S. Osgood

Lord hear the seaman's cry!  
Awaked from gentlest midnight sleep,  
I hear the howling blast;  
The chamber rocks the murmur duff  
Of ocean rises fast.  
The lurid flash, the thunder's roar,  
Proclaim the tempest nigh,  
And wavering lights are off our shore—  
Lord, hear the seaman's cry

This hour, perhaps the sailor thinks  
Of wife or mother far,  
As, drenched & spiritless, he shrinks  
At some portentous bar.  
The cresting foam betokens death;  
The breaker's rage is nigh;  
He prays, with quick, redoubled breath,  
"Lord hear the seaman's cry."

Oh many a youth, now lost in sin,  
And many a hoary sire;  
Who never prayed, this night begin  
To dread Almighty ire.  
In headlong fury while the bark  
Pierces the billows high.  
Then learn to pray in anguish—hark—  
"Lord hear the seaman's cry!"

Though sinking in the whelming flood,  
In solitary woe,  
Saviour! thy ever precious blood  
Can reach thy hapless foe — Over



Lord, hear the seaman's cry. Continued  
 Catch the faint smothered voice of him  
 Whose penitential sigh  
 Rises amid the terror grim:  
 "Lord, hear the Seaman's cry!"

Pray for the sailor, ye who rest  
 Upon your curtained bed;  
 Pray to the Power at whose behest  
 The fearful storm hath sped.  
 And when released from fear & care,  
 Sweet hours of night glide by,  
 Be sometimes this your fervent prayer—  
 Lord, hear the seaman's cry!  
 S. W. A

Star, as to  
 Thou art remembered! Oh! my early friend!  
 With such remembrance as clings not to earth;  
 But purely, fondly, doth thine image blend,  
 With each bright hope that in my soul hath birth  
 And visions of the past to greet me come,  
 Forth from their wind and shadowy dwelling place  
 We meet once more in our loved childhood's home.  
 Again I see thy soft & placid face.

We smile through tears but they are tears of joy:  
 Banished is every trace of by-past sorrow,  
 And in the sweet embrace find us alloy,  
 Unthinking, heedless of a dart to-morrow  
 His Fancy sketch! We are separated wide.  
 You different fates allotted—Oh be thine,  
 Whatever thou mayest meet or prove beside,  
 Happy, ye, happier far than hath been mine!

Adieu! I do commend thee unto One,  
 Who stills the tempest, and who rules the war,  
 And, who untill thy mortal course is run,  
 Shall be thy guardian to protect & save.



Ten rules to be observed in Practical life

- 1<sup>st</sup> Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day.
- 2<sup>d</sup> Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
- 3<sup>d</sup> Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, (and cold.
- 6<sup>th</sup> We never repent of having eaten too little.
- 7<sup>th</sup> Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- 8<sup>th</sup> How much pains have those evils cost us which never happened - (when provided for. See.)
- 9<sup>th</sup> Take things always by their smooth handle.
- 10<sup>th</sup> When angry, count ten before you speak - if very angry, count a hundred.

Thos. Jefferson

Infidelity - By the late R. C. Sanders  
Thou who scornest truths divine.

Say what joy, what hope is thine?

Is thy soul from sorrow free?

Is this world enough for thee?

No; for care corrodes thy heart.

Art thou willing to depart?

No; thy nature bids thee shrink  
From the void abyss's brink.

Thou mayst laugh, in broad sunshine;

Goff, when sparkles red the wine;

Thou must tremble, when deep night

Shuts the pageants from thy sight.

Morning comes, (and thou blasphemest;

Yet another day thou deemest

Thine; but soon its light will wane;

Then thy warning comes again.

There's a morrow with no night

Broad and blazing, endless light!

Should its dawn thy dreams overtake,

Better thou didst never wake

Scripture References

From the Lord's supper from - Luke 22. 14. to 20  
1<sup>st</sup> Corinthians 11<sup>th</sup> 20 to 34<sup>th</sup>



Bunker Hill. By A. B. Street

The eve of a deathless day  
 Had gathered over the land, <sup>And</sup>  
 And the clear moon cast her silvery ray  
 On banner, plume, & brand;  
 Ranks of the bold and free  
 Were rallying thickly round,  
 With the watchword, "Liberty!"  
 To drum and trumpet sound.  
 The hunter left his deer-trod hill,  
 The hamlet's busy voice was still.  
 The bark lay idly by the shore,  
 The city's hum arose no more—  
 And wild birds in the thicket song  
 Where late the woodsman's hatchet rung.  
 All came to swell the patriot ranks—  
 Men who, to man ne'er bow'd the knee;  
 Like mountain-torrents, wild and free,  
 Pierce bursting from their banks.

Morn breaks. On yon embattled height  
 What form stands towering in the air—  
 Holding an aegis, broad and bright,  
 O'er the small band collected there?  
 And whose that banner o'er her streaming  
 In striped and starry blaze gleaming?  
 And, whose that eagle at her side,  
 With arching neck and glance of pride?  
 American! 'Tis Freedom's form!  
 Does not thy life-blood kindle warm?  
 And thine that standard waving high—  
 And thine that eagle pluming by.  
 With blast of trumpet and roll of drum,  
 Near, (and more near, thy foemen come!  
 Think, sire! thy helpless children throw  
 Their arms for succour round thee now!  
 Think, son! thy age-worn parents feel  
 Their fireside hopes are on thy steel!  
 And, most of all, oh, think that ye  
 Defend a nation's liberty!

Have ye not seen along the sky,  
 The tempest near its sulph'ry crest {Up



Bunker Hill - By A. B. Stout Continued

Till fold on fold, in blackest die,  
It gathers round some mountain's breast?  
As rush (and blend those sable palls,  
Below a solemn stillness falls  
Till whizzing lightnings cut the air,  
And bursting thunders rattle there.  
What though beneath the splintering shock,  
Topples the cliff (and robs the rock -  
What though before the rushing blast,  
Tall pines, like weeds, to earth are cast,  
And the strong rains the streamlets lash,  
Till foaming torrents on Thy dash,  
Still firm, the mountain rears its form  
And frowns defiance to the storm.  
Thus came, thus rushed, the despot might,  
And thus the free maintained the fight.

Smoke veils the view - but flash on flash,  
And roar on roar, (and crash on crash,  
And groan, (and shriek, (and shout (and yell,  
The progress of the combat tell.  
Tiffly through the lurid haze,  
Shoots fire (and red the cannons blaze,  
And glance, like sparks on a stream,  
Glitter of sword (and bayonet gleam.  
It lifts - wild scene of rushing files,  
And dropping forms, (and thickening piles.  
But on your earthen mounds, behold!  
That starry flag is still unroll'd.  
There side by side, the patriots stand,  
The bulwark of their native land!

In struggling masses up the hill,  
On the steep glacia, scorched (and plough'd,  
Beneath the tottering ramparts, still  
The eager hosts of England crowd.  
Twice had they hurled, with warrior might,  
On Freedom's ranks, the deadly fight,  
And twice, upon their corpse strewn track,  
By Freedom's sons been beaten back.  
But see they rally now - the air  
Gleams with the bayonets bristling there. over



72} Continued Bunker Hill By A. B. Street  
They come! they come! Brave hearts! who stay'd  
That surried torrent undismayed;  
When fiercer in its flow,  
By all the dearest ties of earth—  
By all the holiest rights of birth,  
Sink not beneath it now—

Once more! once more! ye tried and true!  
Bear up for Freedom strives with you—  
Your banner waves before your eye,  
Your guardian eagle hovers nigh.  
By every blow a right is freed,  
On every effort glory's meed!  
Hail Warren falls! but wave not  
Pour in your last, your deadliest shot!

Now, like a lion death-beset,  
And drenched with blood, unconquered yet—  
With bristling mane, and rolling eye—  
He weak to rush— to proud to fly—  
Scowling more grim, as hasten foes,  
Growling more fierce, as thicker blows—  
Till, with a roar of deep despair,  
He staggers feebly to his lair.  
Grasp, grasp again, ye little band!  
Each weapon with determined hand;  
Though every limb is faint with toil,  
And every vein has stained the soil,  
With your clenched muskets strike once more!  
One crushing blow!— 'Tis over!— 'Tis over!  
And shouting as they slowly flee,  
They leave the humbled King, his useless victory  
N. York Mirror

Ask and have.— A storekeeper the other day  
struck upon his door the following laconic adver-  
tisement: "A Boy wanted." The next morning,  
on opening the store, he found a little archer  
in a basket, with the following label. "Here he is."  
New York Mirror



73

Repartee. A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes - one being black, the other light hazel - "It is lucky for you," says his friend "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Short and Sweet - "I can't speak in public; never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night, who had been called upon to hold forth in a public meeting; "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat."

How to commit murder quietly - Tell a young lady, she has a small (and beautiful) foot. She will then wear small, thin shoes - go out in the wet - catch a cold - the cold will become a fever - and she will die in a month - Good -

Sea Sickness - He that cannot eat anything, dressed in any way, at any time, out of anything, and in the sight of any dirt, (and under the effect of any smell, the sound of any discord, (and the feeling of any motion, should not go to sea - That is a fact -

Perfumes - Ladies may use any perfumes they like; but men should use none at all. Buffon tells a story of a courtier, who was sitting, very contemplatively, in one of the arbours, near the Petit Trianon, (and was by mistake shot for a civet-cat -

Mischief - a tattling, drossy young lady, on the wrong side of forty, is always mischievous; cut her by all means -

Danger to young men - a charming little black-eyed widow, with a large family, is the most dangerous person, all young men can meet with avoid her or - penury and suites - Bah me no save



745  
A snuffy old lady — We once heard  
of an old lady who used such large quantities  
of snuff, that whenever she shook her hand-  
kerchief out of the window on a windy day, it  
set the whole neighbourhood sneezing.

A question for jurists, a western editor  
wants to know whether the law against the carry-  
ing concealed weapons, will apply to Doctors  
who carry their pills in their pockets —

Things I like to see  
I like to see a young man wear his old coat, until  
he can afford to buy a new one.

I like to see economy without meanness; — if  
you are invited to ride with a friend, try as little  
as you can do to pay the toll.

I like to see a young man attend to his busi-  
ness first, (and pleasure afterwards).

I like a good reputation; it is good cap-  
ital in any business.

I like sincerity; the genuine article, not  
the counterfeit of hypocrisy. —  
Edw. King —

"Take Warning" — People take snuff, colds,  
wines, steps, tea, wives, offence, hints, frights, (and  
medical advice; — but they cannot — they will not take  
warning — (and per consequence, they get hanged,  
drunk, drowned, shot, horsewhipped, and ridiculed;  
they are thrown out of the windows, off coaches, kick  
up and are kicked down. While as the signifier adulterous  
lawsuits, duels, murders, (and black eyes ensue.

"Signs of the times" Rowland T. Hill said he did  
know of but one infallible true sign of the time  
of the commencement of the Millennium — which was  
"When you see or hear of a Jew (and an Arab, a Hindoo  
(and a Chinese, an Episcopalian (and a Presbyterian,  
a Baptist (and a Congregationalist, a Lutheran (and a Methodist  
a Quaker (and a Baptist, all united with one soul at a prayer  
meeting then Satan will run away (and the Angel will seize him in his  
flight (and cast him down into the bottomless pit (and shut him  
up for 1000 years



The American Boy

"Father, look up, and see that flag,  
How gracefully it flies;  
Those pretty stripes - they seem to be  
A rainbow in the skies"

It is your country's flag, my son,  
And proudly drinks the light,  
O'er ocean's wave - in foreign climes,  
A symbol of our might.

"Father - what fearful noise is that  
Like thundering in the clouds?  
Why do the people wave their hats,  
And rush along in clouds?"

It is the voice of Cannons,  
The glad shouts of the free,  
This is a day to memory dear -  
His freedom's jubilee.

"I wish that I was now a man,  
I'd fire my cannon too,  
And cheer as loudly as the rest -  
But, Father, why don't you?"

I'm getting old and weak - but still  
My heart is big with joy;  
I've witnessed many a day like this -  
Shout joy aloud, my boy.

Hurrah! for freedom's jubilee!  
God bless our native land;  
And may I live to hold the sword  
Of freedom in my hand!

Well done, my boy - grow up and love  
The land that gave you birth;  
A home where freedom loves to dwell,  
Is paradise on earth -

Boston Morning Post

A Question. "If an irresistible body, strike an  
immoveable body, what will be the consequence?"



## Whales, Whaling, (and Whalers)

There are many kinds of whales, that are not sought after; of those that are not of such classes as whalers take I do not know much, except their names (and general <sup>outline of their</sup> shape. There are however some kinds which I intend to describe - or rather give a more sketch of with some of their habits - (and firstly the

Sperm Whale is of the most importance to whalers because the oil obtained from this species of whales is much more valuable than any other. The male or bull whales are the largest (among the sperm whales) the females or cows, seldom making more than 30 or thirty barrels ~~about~~ the bulls making from thirty as high as one hundred & thirty barrels. with regard to their size they may be divided into three general classes, the first is Cows (and Calves; these go in large schools together, generally accompanied by one or two bulls; the second is forty barrel bulls; these are generally found in numbers together but not so numerous as cows (and Calves, the third is called by us large whales, and includes all whales which make fifty barrels (and over; these are generally found alone or in companies of two or three.

Among the first class may be found whales all sizes from four feet to forty feet long, (and from three feet to <sup>six</sup> eight feet in diameter (and from eight to twenty feet in circumference - among the second size the average length is probably forty five feet - diameter about eight feet (and circumference, twenty eight feet, the third class of whales will be found from sixty to ninety feet long - their diameter is from ten to thirteen feet, (and their circumference from thirty five to forty five feet. In the ~~body of the~~ sperm whale the head forms a very considerable part, yielding sometimes more than one third of the oil produced by the whole whale; it is from the case, which is in the head that the pure spermaceti is baled in large quantities - sometimes fifteen and very large whales will yield eighteen barrels of sperm; besides this; the junk forms the head; this is boiled like the body but is kept with the case (and is of the same quality - both the case (and junk are guarded by



Whales, Whaling. and Whalmen  
a substance called head skin, which is very hard, (and is almost impenetrable to a harpoon, and thus their head is rendered very formidable in their defence against their pursuers. Their principle defence is made with their jaw, and flukes - the jaw is underneath the head, and they roll over either on one side or on their back to use it - it is from four to eighteen feet long, and furnished with a row of teeth on each side which are of the nature of ivory (and from four inches to ten inches in length, and from one to three inches in diameter. Their flukes, or tail is also very dangerous to their enemies; they are formed of a hard substance in breadth from five feet to twenty feet (and in length from three feet to eight feet.

The food upon which this species of whales feed is called "Squid". (Dure. so that its name) This forms the most of their subsistence, but they also eat fish which they decoy to them in the following curious manner. As they are so very large that necessarily their motions cannot be made quickly enough to catch smaller fish, they remedy this inconvenience by descending to a certain depth under water where they lay perfectly still with their jaw wide open, the teeth being very white (at that distance under water) shine brilliantly, which attracts the attention of such small fish as are in sight, and they collect in considerable numbers in his mouth; he then closes his jaw, quickly and retains them all. he then swallows them and thus furnishes himself with food very easily.

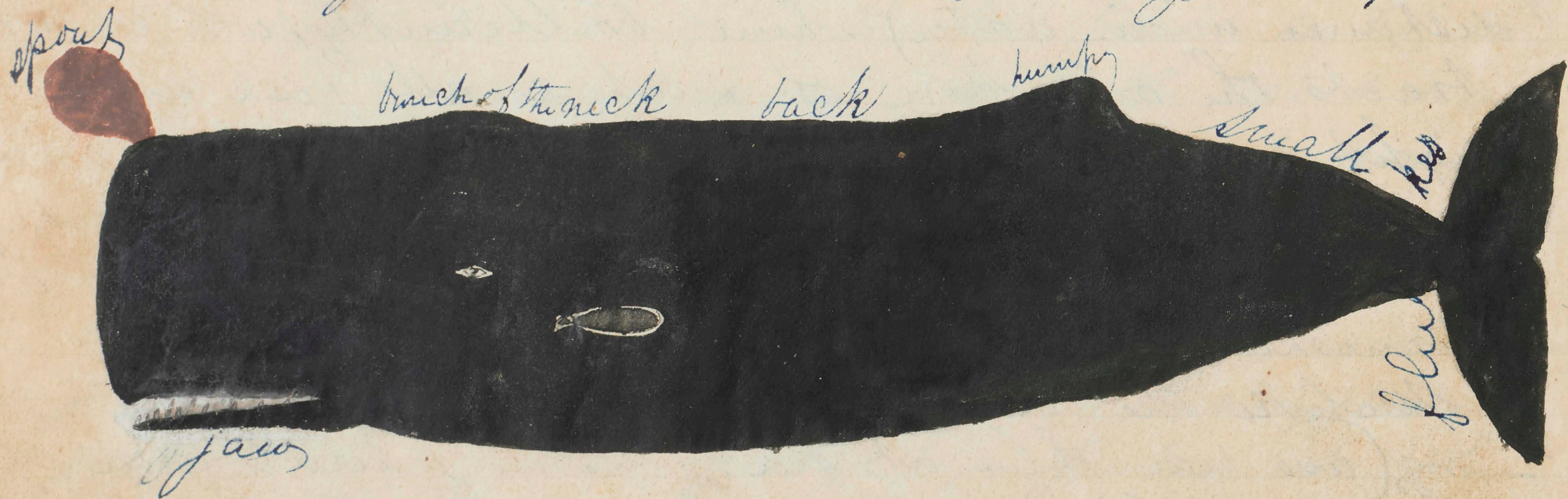
Unlike the Right Whale they bring forth their young (and rear them at sea. The general idea of the great affection which the cow has for her calf is rather exaggerated if my experience be correct - for I have seen the cow leave her calf frequently - but in some cases she shows great regard for her young and will rather stay (and be killed than leave it.

To strike a sperm whale the whalmen endeavors to place his boat directly astern of him or if that is not practicable he gets right ahead. which is rather more dangerous to the boat and boats crew than the other - but by all



Whales. Whaling and Whalers, continued means. The boat must not be brought abreast of him or he is almost sure to see her (and will avoid being struck by going down or will go so fast as to prevent the boat from overtaking him.

Small whales generally remain under water from about twenty minutes to half an hour - but large whales will stay down from forty five minutes to one hour (and a half) before they come to the surface to spout. The idea that whales spout water is erroneous - it being a kind of vapour or fog (and will not dampen anything faster than the breath of men or horses) - After the whale is mortally wounded he will throw blood from his spout hole in large quantities - finally a sperm whale is a species alone; no other kind seeming to be of his form or nature - for he is not only of a different shape from all other whales (and worth more than any other whales) but the sailors say that "they know a d - n sight more than others" (and I think there is some truth in the expression for I have seen them avoid several boats for hours together - always coming up when there was no boat (and going down again just before one could get to them) - The following cut represents <sup>one</sup>



The spout hole is a little on the starboard side of the head and his spout is thrown a little ahead and not directly up in the air.

The flukes run parallel with the surface of the water - (and not perpendicularly like fish which do not spout).



Next in importance to the sperm whale, is the Right Whale. This species differ very materially from the sperm in form and habits - They are not so long as the sperm whales, but larger round and make more oil - the blubber being thicker and fatter - They have two spout holes, and they are directly on the top of the head; The sperm whale has but one and that is on ~~the~~ <sup>one</sup> side - Their heads does not yield so much oil as the sperm whale's but whale bone is taken from it - which is very much in use among manufacturers for the frames of Umbrellas. Right Whales are very <sup>often</sup> found in soundings - around islands (and in bays, but sperm whales are seldom found in shoal water - they go into bays to bring forth their young - but sperm whales do not, Their food is principally what sailors call "Bris" - (I dare is that the name?) and a small kind of fish, called shrimp - The cows are the largest generally although there is not so much difference in their size as there is in sperm whales - A right whale that will make sixty barrels will generally be about forty feet long and nearly the same in circumference -

There are several enemies to the right whale in his own element - the principal of which is called the killer - they attach themselves to the whale's spout holes when they come to the surface to spout and thus drown them in a short time and then they eat the tongue only and leave the rest of the body a prey to sharks - This species of whales is very numerous and as they have regular seasons for certain latitudes ships procure cargoes of <sup>whale</sup> oil much more expeditiously than they can of sperm oil, thus making the voyage in a much shorter period of time.

The only weapons of defence that a Right Whale is furnished with are his flukes and fins - with these however he is very expert and is perhaps as dangerous as the sperm whale, although he cannot use his head to fight with. There is no jaw to his head - like the sperm whales but lips that open similar to a door on hinges - one on each side - they close against the upper part of the head (and the inside is filled with slabs of bone which set



Whales Whaling and Whalers continued in the head like but in the gum - and a very large tongue which is very fat and sufficiently large sometimes to make ten barrels of oil.

Besides the Sperm and Right Whales. There is no species that is much sought after by Whalers - except Humpbacks. These are a class that seem to be half Right whale and half Sperm they have the head of a Right whale while their back has the hump of a sperm whale.

There is also a species called Finbacks - which are something like humpbacks - but have only a small fin on the back - whalers do not try to get them as they almost always sink when killed - the day will come probably when they will also be taken by some Yankee contrivance.

The Sulphur Bottom is very much like a Finback but the fin is much smaller and some further aft on his back. They grow to a great size. and are not very numerous.

Besides those whale named there several kinds of "spouting fish" that are do not form whales as they are much smaller - viz Grampuses - Black Fish - Killers - Porpoises - and what was probably taken for Mermoids in ancient times - Cow Fish - the female of Black Fish.

There are two kinds of Grampuses - viz the Blunt nose and the pointed nosed Grampus they make a spout which very much resembles the spout of a sperm whale - but I have never seen one taken - Black fish are caught very frequently by us - they are in some respects like the sperm whale - Porpoises are a small active fish from eighteen inches to three feet and a half long and are caught principally for their flesh which is very good - and is of more consequence to whalers than other in consequence of their being so long without fresh provisions.

Next I shall notice the utensils for capturing and the whales and preparing the oil for the market.

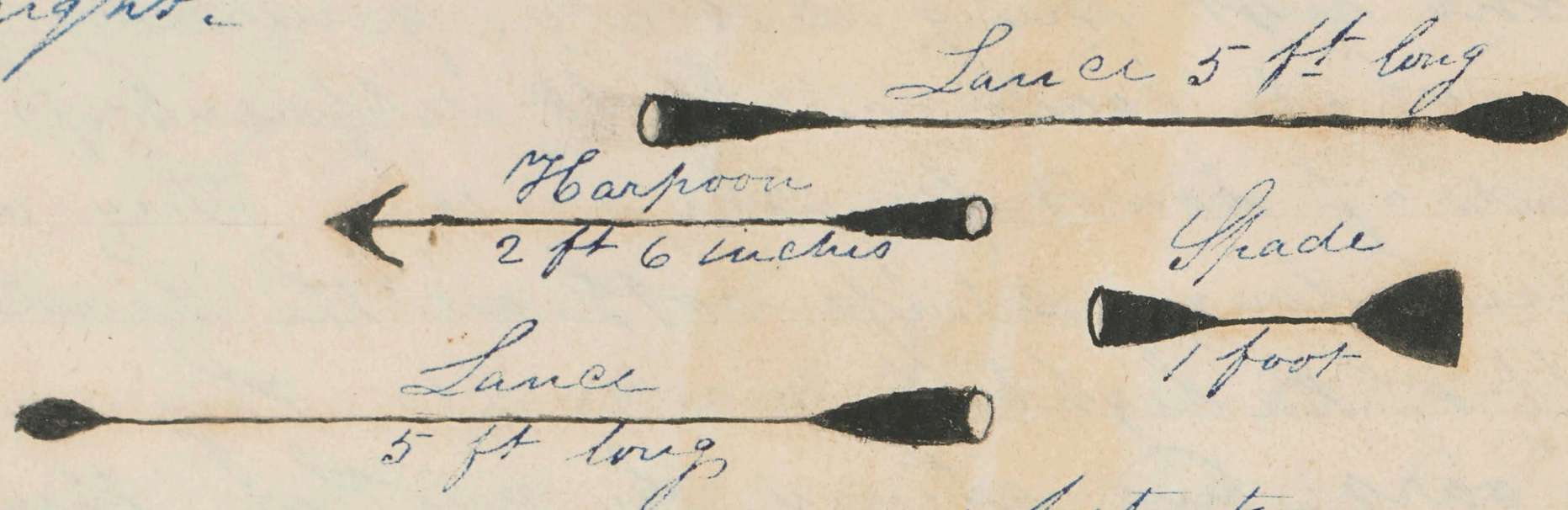


Whales Whaling and Whalers continued

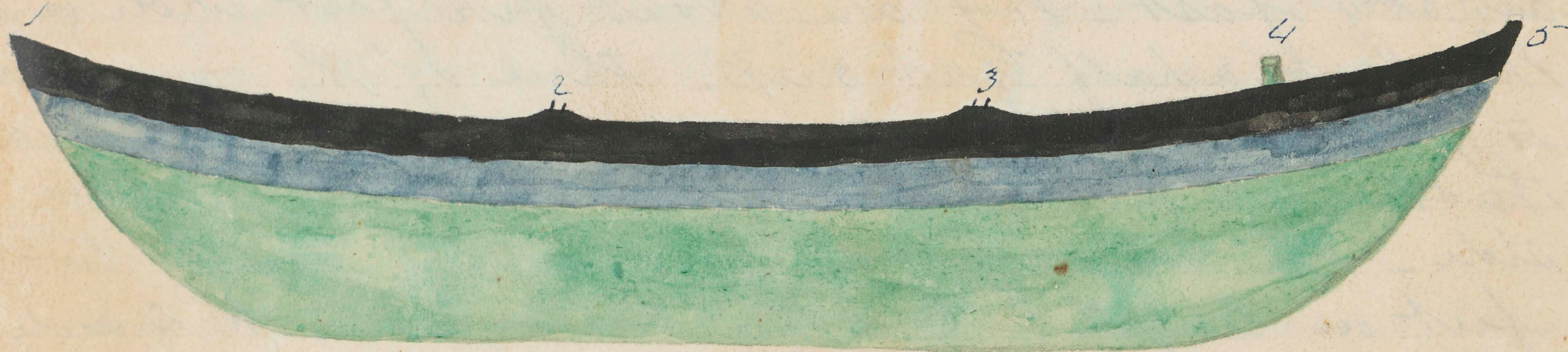
The first thing to be obtained for Whaling are good ships of the light class - generally about three hundred tons burthen - and well furnished with sails and rigging for the voyage and they must or at least ought to be good sailors - good seaboats - and tight. The next thing is boats; generally seven in number - whale boats are built different from any other kind of boats for ships use. They are about thirty feet long - sharp both at the head and stern and built of the lightest materials - they are pulled by five oars - and steered by another - they have no width or depth of keel to make them sail well on the wind - they are flat amidships consequently do not draw but very little water - and pull remarkably fast - they are about five feet wide and three and a half feet deep - three of the oars used to pull the boat are pulled on the starboard side the other two and the steering oar on the larboard side - the steering oar is generally twenty two feet in length - the other two oars on that side are seventeen feet - the after and harpooner oars are about sixteen feet and the midships oar is about eighteen feet - they also carry a sprit sail which is used when going free - they can be propelled ahead or astern with ease being sharp - and are easily kept headed in any direction when not going ahead by the steering oar. The line used for whaling is made of hemp, manilla and cotton - (the last kind is not much in use) and is the best kind of rigging - about one inch in diameter - there is about two hundred and fifty fathoms in each boat (sometimes more) - the end is made fast to the harpoon which is darted into the whale - from the head of the boat - the tub of line stands in nearly the middle of the boat and the line leads from the tub to a loggerhead which is in the stern and thence forward through the head over some lead prepared for the purpose - then by holding on to the line at the loggerhead the boat is brought to bear a portion of the strain aft as well as forward.



Whales Whaling and Whalmen Contemner  
 besides the line, there are six harpoons, three  
 lances - one spade - a hatchet - knife - &c &c  
 there is also a lantern with candles and an  
 apparatus for striking fire to use as a signal  
 for the ship to start for should the boats be off  
 in the night.

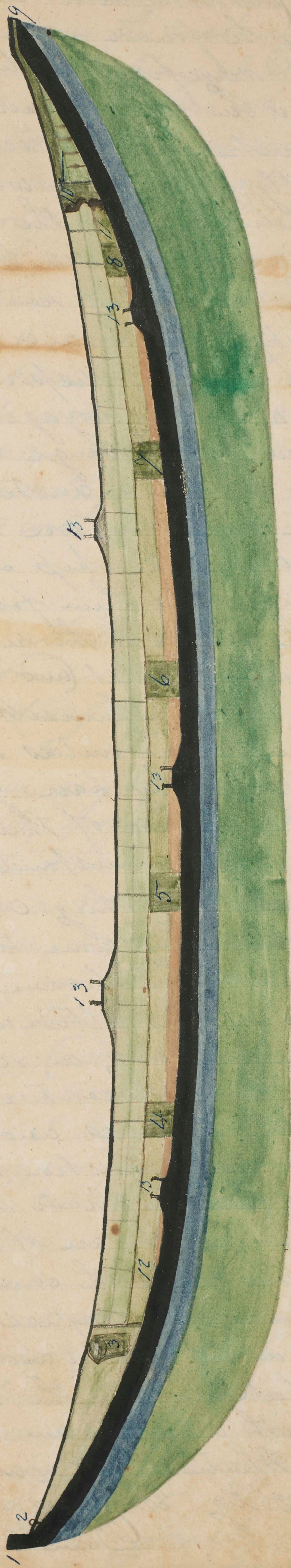


The harpoon is used to strike the whales with  
 The lance is used to kill them with  
 The spade is used to cut the blubber with



1. The bows - 2. The Redlock for the bow oar, 3. The Redlock  
 for the tub oar - 4. The Loggerhead - 5. The Stern





Explanation 1 Stern Post - 2 Foreing Mast - 3 Logghead - 4 After Mast  
 5 Gun, Afterward - 6 Midship - also - 7 Bow also - 8 Harpoor also - 9 Bows 10 Chumsey  
 11 for the warped - 12 Standing Shuts - 13 Pullocks

For further information inquire of the Subscriber.

Dean C. Wright



## Whales. Whaling and Whalers Continued

In a whaliship may be found men of all classes from the lowest to the very first circle in society. The whaling business is in fact a general receptacle for every kind of adventurers on the ocean - the ships very frequently go to sea with men in them who have been educated in the first institutions in the country. (and been in extensive and respectable business on shore, but have been reduced in their circumstances by intemperance, or met with some misfortune (and in a fit of despondency - have entered on board of a whaling voyage with no specific object in view but a vague idea of a something which they do not understand is continually before them - and they are kept along in a kind of delusion until the ship sails (and then when the vast ocean separates them from their friends - they arouse themselves to the recollection of what and where they are (and what (and where they might have been - They find themselves on board of a Cape Horn whaler (and unless they run into disgrace by having the ship they have got to spend three or four years of the prime of their life in a business which they do not understand, and from which they will not receive any thing commensurate to the time spent, unless they come to the conclusion to continue in the business (and become whalers and many have resolved on this alternative and are now men of wealth and standing in society.

This business is much more lucrative than is the merchant service for the mariners and there is a much better chance for promotion to office if the candidate be a steady (and temperate man.

There are men in whaliships who are of the most wicked - low & degraded families in the country and are for consequence uninformed and disagreeable - and in many cases deplorably intemperate, and licentious but taken as a body whalers are the most respectable class of seamen with which I am acquainted.

On board of the Whaliship *Bryanna* Rush  
of Warren A.E. Lat 3. deg N. Long West  
Dean C Wright  
God send us whales. D Wright



## A Woman's Word

My plume is in the dust - my casque is broken -  
 The helm is shattered & so proudly worn -  
 My armor's soiled - (and ah, no happy token,  
 Like silken scarf on arm of troubadour,  
 Excites me now to acts of high enterprise,

Or prompts of love the soul inspiring song;  
 Neglected now, my harp in silence lies,

Save when the rude wind sweeps its chords along.

Give me a staff - a pilgrim's homely woad -

I'll find me some wild cell of solitude  
 Deep in the recess of an ancient wood,

Where I can meditate man's faithful deeds,

And with an iron pen on rocks record -

He parts with peace, who trusts a woman's word

Park Benjamin

A Boatsturner - of all the births that  
 there is on board of a whaleship, that of a boatsturner  
 is the most disagreeable (and thankless, to give good  
 satisfaction to all hands is perfectly impossible  
 and to please anybody requires as much talents as  
 Daniel Webster possesses. A man who has been one  
 voyage in the whaling business (and then will ship  
 again to do a boatsturner's duty must be either mad,  
 or drunk, or else a fool or a saint. The shipping agent  
 I know will say to a poor devil that he is trying  
 to gull "why you will live in the cabin, (and have  
 a better lay, (and be more respected, (and have less  
 to do, (and be allowed more privileges, than a foremast  
 hand" now I happen to know that with the excep-  
 -tion of living in the Cabin, (and having a little better  
 lay - all the rest is a lie as black as could be told  
 by Tom Papper - for he is not respected at all -  
 - he has more work to do than all hands besides -  
 - and he has no privileges whatever but to bear the  
 blame for every thing which may go wrong in the  
 ship - if the Capt finds a smoothing plane  
 dull he immediately says that a boatsturner has  
 been planing his Broad pole (and dulled it - if  
 there is two quarts of tobacco juice found a spit  
 on deck in the waist, it is laid directly to the  
 poor boatsturner. Though he could not get there



## Boatsteward's Duty

to save himself - because the Officers take all the room - In one word a man to do the duty belonging to a boatsteward - ought to be a sailor, a whaler, a mechanic, a saint, a bully, a man of no kind of feeling whatever, (and very little sense) - he ought to be a man who can be spoken to in any tone of voice and called by any epithet, and still give a fawning sycophantic answer - one who is built of steel and hung on spring steel and cannot tire and does not require any sleep or bodily rest of any kind - one who can content himself without any place which he can call his own - or where he is not liable to be crowded out - and he ought to be a man who can be an officer and still be a star - one who can walk to the leeward - and not be offended at having any one spit in his face - and have all "sodgers" at him - and what is still harder one who can show himself worthy of confidence in all cases and not have any placed in himself be contented to be called a good man, and used like a dog - and all this for the sake of advancement of which he is not at all sure - when it is done - A Boatsteward is placed between two fires - being neither man nor officer - yet required to do both, he is beneath the officers, and not above the men - he has to obey every body and be obeyed by no-body - give no ungentlemanly language to any person but take it from every person - look cross at none - but be frowned on by all - John C. Calhoun can conform to all parties in politics, and twist his principles into as many shapes as an eel in a pan of hot oil - but he could not please as a boatsteward on board of a R. Island whaler - Davy Crockett could whip his weight in wild cats, and jump over the rocky mountains but he could not do this duty to satisfaction - and the Devil can do anything but become a Christian, and and satisfactorily perform a Boatsteward's duty in a Warren whaler.

Dean C Wright

June 16<sup>th</sup> 1842. Lat 2. 30 N. Long 89-46 West



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Blest be the man, and blest is he, whome'er,  
Placed far out of the roads of hope or fear,  
A little field, a little garden, feeds;  
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;  
The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows  
All he can ask, when she luxurious grows.  
The specious inconveniences that wait  
Upon a life of business and of state,  
He sees, nor doth the sight disturb his rest,  
By fools desired, by wicked men possess.

— Ah wretched, and too solitary, he  
Who loves not his own company;  
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,  
Unless he call in sin or vanity  
To help to bear't away. — Cowley

How to be free — by Cowley — from Martial  
Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish you say;  
Come on; I'll show thee, friend, the certain way;  
If to us feasts abroad thou lovest to go,  
While bounteous God doth bread at home bestow;  
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize  
By thy own use, and not by others eyes;  
If only safe from weather thou canst dwell  
In a small house, but a convenient shell;  
If thou without a sigh or golden wish  
Canst look upon thy becher bowl, or dish;  
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,  
The Persian King's a slave, compared to thee.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see  
The monster, London, laugh at me;  
I should at thee, too, foolish city,  
If it were fit to laugh at misery;  
But thy estate I pity.

Let but the wicked men from out thee go,  
And all the fools that crowd thee so;  
Even thou who dost thy millions boast,  
A village less than Islington will grow;  
A solitude almost.



Musings. By Amelia - Louisville Ky  
 I wandered out one summer night -  
 'Twas when my years were few:  
 The breeze was singing in the light  
 And I was singing too.  
 The moonbeams lay upon the hill  
 The shadows in the vale,  
 And here and there a leaping rill  
 Was laughing at the gale.

One fluky cloud upon the air  
 Was all that met my eye;  
 It floated like an angel there  
 Between me and the sky.  
 I clapped my hands and warbled wild  
 As he and there I flew,  
 For I was but a careless child,  
 And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea  
 In bright and glittering bands:  
 Like little children wild with glee,  
 They linked their dimpled hands.  
 They linked their hands but ere I caught  
 Their mingled drops of dew,  
 They kissed my feet as quick as thought  
 Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,  
 As lightly and as free;  
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
 Ten thousand in the sea,  
 For every wave with dimpled cheek  
 That leaped upon the air,  
 Had caught a star in its embrace  
 And held it trembling there

The young moon too, with upturned sides,  
 " Her mirrored beauty gave;  
 And as a bark at anchor rides,  
 She rode upon the wave.  
 The sea was like the heaven above,  
 As perfect and as whole



Musings By Amelia Louisville. Ky. Continued  
 Gave that it seemed to thrill with love  
 Its thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,  
 Made murmurs on the air—  
 Low murmurs, that thy spirit heard  
 And answer'd with a prayer;  
 For 'twas upon the dewy sod,  
 Beside the moaning seas,  
 I learned at first to worship God,  
 And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,  
 Were bowed in slumber free,  
 By breezy hills and murmuring streams,  
 Where'er they chanced to be.  
 No guilty fears had they to wup,  
 No sins to be forgiven;  
 They closed their eyes (and went to sleep,  
 Right in the face of Heaven.

No costly raiment round them shone,  
 No jewels from the seas,  
 Yet Solomon upon his throne  
 Was never arrayed like these:  
 And just as free from guilt and art,  
 Were lovely human flowers,  
 Ere sorrow set his bleeding heart  
 On this fair world of ours

I have heard the laughing wind behind,  
 It playing with my hair—  
 The breezy fingers of the wind,  
 How cool and moist they were!  
 I heard the nightbird warbling o'er  
 Its soft enchanting strain—  
 I never heard such sounds before  
 And never shall again.

Then whosoever wear such strains as these,  
 And sing them day by day  
 When every bird upon the boughs      Over



Musings By Amelia. Louisville Ky Continued  
 Can sing a sweeter lay?  
 I'd give the world for their sweet art.  
 The simple, the divine;  
 I'd give the world to melt one heart,  
 As they have melted mine—

### Kentucky Eloquence

The following powerfull, elegant and classick  
 appeal, was made in a court of justice somewhere  
 in Kentucky, by one of the learned heads of the bar:—

Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, who  
 lives in the pleasant Valley of Kentucky, where the land  
 is rich, (and the soil are fertile would be guilty  
 of stealing eleven little skins of cotton? I  
 think not I reckon not I calculate not. And  
 I guess, gentlemen of the jury, That you had  
 better bring in my client not guilty; for if you  
 convict him, he (and his son John will lick  
 the whole of you. — *New York Mirror*

### Eternity — "One night" says

"Saurin" passed in a burning fever, or  
 in struggling in the waves of the sea, be-  
 —tween life and death, appears of immense  
 length; it seems to the sufferer as if the  
 sun had forgot its course, and as if the  
 laws of nature itself were subverted.

What then must be Eternity? where after  
 having gone into it for ages, (and ages, to the extent  
 of human calculation — the end is no more  
 than at the first setting out — it is like a  
 circle to which there is no end — it is like  
 God himself who had no beginning (and never  
 will have an ending — it is like Eternity —

What must be the feelings of those who  
 are condemned to pass it in woe, in despair?  
 after having suffered "millions and millions"  
 of ages they may say "all this is not a spark  
 to the great fire — Again we must revolve through  
 these enormous periods — again we must —" *Up*



## Eternity

"suffer a privation of celestial happiness -  
 doubting flames again - cruel remorse again -  
 crimes and blasphemies over and over again for  
 ever for ever!" Then the poor wretch will  
 understand eternity's meaning - then will he  
 experience the awful tortures of the second  
 death - then will be known the meaning of  
 hell - O wretched state of deep dark never  
 ending punishment - to be condemned to pass  
 ages in the company of devils and damned  
 spirits - to curse God and blaspheme his  
 holy name - (and never never never know one  
 moment's ease - one moment's cessation from  
 the most excruciating torture) and continually  
 to reflect that "The harvest is past, the  
 summer is ended, and I am not saved"

O that my name may be found written  
 in the book of life that I may not be cast  
 into the lake of fire - God have mercy on me  
 1 Cor 15<sup>th</sup> Chap 52<sup>nd</sup> Also as follows E Wright  
 Matthew 25 Chap 31<sup>st</sup> to 46<sup>th</sup> Mark 3<sup>rd</sup> Chap  
 29<sup>th</sup> - Ecclesiastes 12<sup>th</sup> Chap 13<sup>th</sup> & 14 verses  
 St John 5 Chap 28 & 29 - Acts 17<sup>th</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> verse -  
 Romans 2<sup>nd</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> to 16<sup>th</sup> - Isaiah 40<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> - Heb 7<sup>th</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> - John 6<sup>th</sup> 37<sup>th</sup>  
 John 1<sup>st</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> - Luke 15<sup>th</sup> 10 - John 5<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> - 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor 5<sup>th</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> - Matt 11<sup>th</sup> 28, 29  
 Matt 10<sup>th</sup> 32, 33 - Rom 14<sup>th</sup> 12 - Prov 16<sup>th</sup> 32 - Psalms 117<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> - Rom 8<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup>  
 Lam 3<sup>rd</sup> 40<sup>th</sup> - Psalms 55<sup>th</sup> 17 - Ps 37 = 3, 4, 5, 8, 23, 24, 25, 27, 31, 37, 39 & 40<sup>th</sup>  
 Ps 34<sup>th</sup> 18-19 & 22 = Ps 103 = 8-11-13-17 = Ps 105 = 2-3-4-5 = Ps 107 = 22 to 30 =  
 Ps 119 = 2-9-67-71-135 = Ps 125 = 1 - Ps 126 = 3-5-6 = Ps 139 = 1 to 18<sup>th</sup> verses  
 Ps 150 = 1 to 6<sup>th</sup>



## Rules for working in Fractions

1<sup>st</sup> To change an Improper Fraction to a Whole or Mixed Number. Rule Divide the Numerator by the Denominator — Example 1<sup>st</sup> Reduce  $\frac{38}{9}$  to a Mixed number —  $9 \overline{)38}$  — the Numerator  $38 \div 9 = 4 \frac{2}{9}$  Ans  
 Example 2<sup>d</sup> Reduce  $\frac{1728}{12}$  to a whole number  $12 \overline{)1728}$  — the Numerator  $1728 \div 12$  the denominator is = 144 Ans

2<sup>d</sup> To reduce a Whole or Mixed Number to a Improper Fraction — Rule — Multiply the whole numbers by the Denominator of the fraction, (and add the numerator to the product, for a new numerator, and place it over the denominator — Example 1<sup>st</sup> Reduce  $5 \frac{3}{8}$  to an

Improper Fraction  $5 \frac{3}{8}$  Explained  $5 \times 8 + 3 = \frac{43}{8}$  Ans

Example 2<sup>d</sup> Reduce  $12 \frac{2}{3}$  to an improper Fraction

Operation  $12 \frac{2}{3}$  Explained  $12 \times 3 + 2 = \frac{38}{3}$  Ans

3<sup>d</sup> To reduce a fraction to its lowest terms — Rule — Divide both the terms of the fraction by any number that will divide them without a remainder — and the quotient again in the same manner — untill there is no number greater than one that will divide both the terms without a remainder — Example 1<sup>st</sup>

Reduce  $\frac{72}{84}$  to its lowest terms  $\frac{6 \cancel{12}}{7 \cancel{12}} = \frac{6}{7}$  Ans Explained

$\frac{72}{84} \div 6 = \frac{12}{14} \div 2 = \frac{6}{7}$  Ans — Example 2<sup>d</sup> Reduce  $\frac{324}{648}$  to its lowest terms

Operation  $\frac{2 \cancel{324}}{648} = \frac{162}{324} = \frac{81}{162} = \frac{1}{2}$  Ans Explained  $\frac{324}{648} \div 2 = \frac{162}{324} \div 2 = \frac{81}{162} \div 81 = \frac{1}{2}$  Ans

4<sup>th</sup> To multiply a Fraction by a Whole Number.

Rule — Multiply the numerator by the Whole Number, without changing its denominator, or Divide the Denominator by the whole number, when it can be done without a remainder.

Example — How much is  $\frac{3}{5} \times 30$ ?

Operation  $\frac{30}{5}$  Explained  $3 \times 30 = 90$  — which is the new numerator  $\frac{90}{5}$  and placed over the denominator gives the answer  $\frac{90}{5} = 18$  —

Example 2<sup>d</sup> How much is  $\frac{5}{120} \times 60$  — Operation  $\frac{60 \cancel{120}}{120} = \frac{5}{2} = 2 \frac{1}{2}$  Explained  $120$  (the denominator)  $\div 60$  = (the whole number) =  $\frac{5}{2} = 2 \frac{1}{2}$  Ans

Example 3<sup>d</sup> How much is  $2 \frac{1}{8} \times 9$ . Operation  $2 \frac{1}{8} = \frac{17}{8} \times 9 = \frac{153}{8} = 19 \frac{1}{8}$  Answer



# Rules for Working Fractions Continued

5 To Divide a Fraction by a Whole Number.

Rule - Divide the numerator by the Whole Number, and write the denominator under the Quotient. Or if the numerator cannot be divided thus - Multiply the denominator by the whole Number, and write the result under the numerator.

Example 1<sup>st</sup> Divide  $\frac{6}{8}$  by 8. Operation  $\frac{6}{8} \div 8 = \frac{6}{64} = \frac{3}{32}$  Ans

Explained 8 (the denominator)  $\times 8 = 64$  - which is a new denominator - that is  $\frac{6}{64} = \frac{3}{32}$  Ans

Example 2<sup>nd</sup> Divide  $\frac{16}{250}$  by 4. Operation  $\frac{16}{250} \div 4 = \frac{2}{125}$  Ans

Note - Should a mixed number occur, reduce it to an Improper Fraction and divide as before -

Example Divide  $6\frac{3}{4}$  by 5 - Explained  $6\frac{3}{4} = \frac{27}{4} \div 5 = \frac{27}{20} = 1\frac{7}{20}$  Ans

6<sup>th</sup> To Multiply one Fraction by another

Rule - Multiply the numerators together for a new numerator; and the denominators together for a new denominator

Note If the fraction be a mixed number reduce it to an improper fraction, then proceed as before

Example 1<sup>st</sup> How much is  $\frac{2}{3}$  of  $\frac{3}{50}$  } Explained  $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{3}{50} = \frac{6}{150} =$

$\frac{1}{25}$  Ans Example 2<sup>nd</sup> Multiply  $\frac{3}{8}$  of  $\frac{5}{7}$  by  $\frac{2}{7}$

Explained  $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{5}{7} = \frac{15}{56} \times \frac{2}{7} = \frac{30}{392}$  Answer

Example 3<sup>rd</sup> Multiply  $\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{2}{3}$  by  $\frac{4}{9}$ . Ans  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{6}{12} \times \frac{4}{9} = \frac{24}{108}$

$= \frac{2}{9}$  Note. Compound Fractions are known by the word of being placed with them as  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{6}{10}$  of  $\frac{4}{5} = \frac{96}{400} = \frac{6}{25}$

7<sup>th</sup> To reduce Fractions of different Denominators to a Common Denominator.

Rule - Multiply each Denominator by all the other Denominators, for a new Denominator. And then multiply each Numerator by the same numbers that its Denominator is multiplied by for a new Numerator

Example 1<sup>st</sup> Reduce  $\frac{3}{4}$  &  $\frac{7}{8}$  to a Common denominator

Operation  $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{2}{2} = \frac{6}{8}$  &  $\frac{7}{8}$  Explained  $\frac{24}{32} - \frac{28}{32}$

Multiply the Denominators thus  $4 \times 8 = 32$  &  $8 \times 4 = 32$

32 then is the Common Denominator - then I multiply

8 by 3 thus  $8 \times 3 = 24$  & then  $7 \times 4 = 28$  24 & 28

then are the new Numerators and written thus  $\frac{24}{32}$  &  $\frac{28}{32}$  Ans

Example 2<sup>nd</sup> Reduce  $\frac{4}{5}$  &  $\frac{2}{3}$  to a common Denominator

$5 \times 3 = 15$  - the denominator  $4 \times 3 = 12$  &  $5 \times 2 = 10$  the new Numerators

and written thus  $\frac{12}{15}$  &  $\frac{10}{15}$



Rules for Working in Fractions Continued  
 (Case 7<sup>th</sup> Continued) Note- Compound Fractions must be reduced to simple Fractions before proceeding- then reduce as before. Example Reduce  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{2}{3}$  &  $\frac{5}{7}$  to a common Denominator - Operation  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{2}{3} = \frac{2}{6}$  the sum then stands  $\frac{2}{6}$  &  $\frac{5}{7}$  - then  $6 \times 7 = 42$  &  $7 \times 6 = 42$  42 then is the Denominator then  $5 \times 6 = 30$  &  $2 \times 7 = 14$  then  $\frac{14}{42} + \frac{30}{42}$  is the answer.

Note- The fractional parts of mixed numbers may first be reduced to a common Denominator & then annexed to the whole numbers - Example - Reduce  $14\frac{3}{4}$  &  $\frac{5}{6}$  to a common Denominator - Operation  $4 \times 6 = 24$  &  $6 \times 4 = 24$  which is the Denominator then  $5 \times 4 = 20$  and  $6 \times 3 = 18$  and the answer is written  $\frac{20}{24} \frac{18}{24}$

Genders- How many genders are there? Can you tell me Miss Lucy- "Three, sir." promptly said little blue eyes- "What are they called?" "Masculine, Feminine and Neuter." "Give me an example of each" Why you are Masculine, because you are a man; and I am feminine, because I am a girl and - I. I. I don't know certain but I reckon Mr Perkins is neuter, as he is an old Bachelor \_\_\_\_\_.

Or You are masculine because you are a man, and I am feminine because I am a girl and I don't know certain but I reckon Miss \_\_\_\_\_ is neuter as she is an Old Maid



An Extract — Oh yes there is hope for the vilest prodigal who has not yet forgotten his father's counsels (and his mother's prayers — He may be a thief, a robber, a murderer; he may be a wild, lawless, reckless rover of the seas; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him; sailing under the black flag of piracy, he may riot like an incarnate devil, in scenes at which mortal the world turns pale; he may strew the decks of his prize with the mangled corpses of his victims, (and dance in their warm blood; or stake his foul lust on innocence (and beauty that have fallen into a pirate's power! He may be all this; but if that monster (he is no man) when the day's work of butchery is over, (and he slings himself in his hammock to find repose, then feels the thoughts of home stealing over him; (and the memory of a devoted mother who prayed for him in his infancy call a tear unbidden to his eye, "I cannot but weep," there is hope even for him — He is not altogether lost. He is a wanderer on the broad ocean tossed by the tempests of heaven, (and driven by worse fiercer tempests in his own soul; but that thought of a mother's prayer (and a mother's love, may cause a ray of hope to shine — that it will prove a polar star to guide him back to virtue, home & God.

Parents! your power is next to Omnipotent, over the children God has given you. The cords you fasten on their hearts, are the strongest that human power can furnish to hold them back from ruin. Make home sweet to your child. Throw around his heart a thousand kinder associations that will bind him as with an iron chain, to the home of his childhood, to the parents that nurtured (and sheltered him — (and wept (and prayed for him before he knew the meaning of prayers & tears, Impress on his heart your tenderness your deep interest in his everlasting soul — and when he breaks away from your arms, and runs on in the ways of sin & death, it may be — yes it may be, that he who would trample on a saviour's blood, & despise the grace and laws of God & reject his love, may pause before he crushes beneath his feet his mother's heart.



76. Thoughts &c - I am led by circumstances to reflect how necessary & very important it is for me to be watchful in all I say or do - if I would enjoy the religion of Jesus Christ - having been very much addicted to the habit of "foolish talking, (and) jesting" - I now find it hard to avoid the indulgence of it - (and) do too frequently engage in it to the great injury of my enjoyment (and) the loss of confidence in my evidence of a change of heart - this might be avoided by a more strict watch joined with prayer to God for his assistance. again

I have this day given way to the temptations of the enemy of my soul & the consequence is almost total loss of all pleasure in the things which I desire to love & a certain kind of indifference to religious subjects which is truly unpleasant to me - My desire (and) prayer is that in due time I may be enabled again to rejoice in my saviour's love (and) never again to yield to the temptations with which I may be called to encounter

I do pray God to enable me to "be strong in the Lord, (and) in the power of his might." and that I may "stand therefore, having my loins girt about with truth, (and) having on the breastplate of righteousness; And my feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith I (ye) shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" Eph 6<sup>th</sup> Chap 10. 14. 15. 16 or also read Luke 15 Chap 11<sup>th</sup> Verse to the end of the Chapter - Sept 1842 D. C. Wright

Oct 2 1842 - This is the sabbath day (and) I can now realise how great the privilege it which Christians have on shore of attending the sanctuary for the purpose of worship - and although I am far away from home - (and) am denied the privilege of attending a public meeting yet I do know that the same God is here ~~there~~ is there and he is just as ready to bless his children who ask in faith here as he is there - O it is a source of bitter repentance to me that I have not improved the many opportunities which I have enjoyed - but that I neglected my soul's best interest so long - Yet I do also feel grateful



to God for not cutting me off in my sins and send-  
-ing me where sabbaths are unknown. O how great is  
the goodness of God to me - I was blessed with the  
best of friends - a pious mother - ~~in~~ which advice  
I rejected - and laughed at their prayers (and tears - (and  
yet God's love was so great to me that he lengthened  
out my probation untill now! O if I do but con-  
tinue faithfull and true saved I think sometimes  
it will be almost equal to the conversion of Saul  
of Tarsus O God make me faithfull is my earnest  
(and fervent prayer  
J. Wright

Poetry By Addison

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help. Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care;  
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,  
In all its horrors rise,

Confusion dwelt in every face.  
And fear in every heart.  
When coarson wars, and gulfs on gulfs,  
Overcame the (seamless) art.



## Extract

Religion should govern the temper & the tongue; it should keep us from indolence, from vanity, from pride, from foolishness, from levity, from moroseness, from selfishness and all the little every day foibles to which we are exposed. Religion should exemplify its gentleness in your kind & affable manners; its purity and propriety, in your conversation; its benevolence, in your conduct, and its consistency, and heavenly tendency in all your ways.

## True &amp; False Zeal

False zeal is uncertain & mortal; it must be fanned by the gale of adventitious circumstances; it is merely occasional; it intermits; it is as a meteor which streams through the sky with momentary beauty; now it sparkles; now it expires. Not so pure & undified zeal: this is permanent; kindled by the breath of the Almighty, it shines like the glory of the day, & is destined to shine when that glory is turned into gloom; destined to soar above pyramids, & hills, & clouds, & stars; - destined to survive the catastrophe of the earth & the visible heavens, & then to mingle with the flame of devotion which blazes eternally around the throne of God.

Young Man's Sunday Book  
Prodigal Son. P. 124



The Sailor Boy's Mother

99

Written on seeing a Mother weeping over the corpse  
of her only son, cast on shore by the waves.

Is it for this, that her youth has been wasted,

And the tint of the rose left her cheek?

For this, that the fountain of sorrow she tasted,

With spirit submissive and meek

And was it for this, o'er his cradle she sighed,

In the still, lonely hours of night,

Or cooled his parched lips, when he waywardly cried,

And watch'd by the taper's dim light?

In silence, her beauty was stolen away,

While she bent o'er the sufferer's bed,

Her eye once was brilliant, her step once was gay,

Now around her, grief's shadows are spread.

Oh! was it for this, that the ocean's rude billow,

From her bosom might tear her chief joy,

To find on the sea-beaten shore a rude pillow,

For her ruddy cheek'd, young sailor boy?

And oh! was it all, that the sea shells might sing,

With their mournful aeolian breath,

Through caverns of coral, their dirges might ring,

For the wandering sailor boy's death?

Oh! for not thy hopes upon times fading flowers,

Whence, chill winter may wither her bloom,

But wreath thee a crown, from heavens fair towers,

Which will bloom 'mid the damps of the tomb.

Oh! mother, the fountain of love must be deep,

Which the dark waves of sorrow can't still:

Thou'g absence, ingratitude, cause thee to weep,

Yet nothing thy bosom can chill.

Sailor's Magazine



The Sommers  
A Ballad—By Horser Bleuling Eggs Quarter-Master  
in the United States Navy

1 Come listen all ye sailors bold,  
Come listen unto me,  
I'll sing you of a cruel deed;  
A bloody tragedy

2 Come listen landsmen, one & all,  
Come listen unto me,  
I'll make you bless your lucky stars  
You've never gone to sea.

3 It was the Somers, graceful, swift,  
As trim a little brig  
As ere was modelled by shipwright,  
Or sailor helped to rig—

4 That right before the steady Trades,  
Was cleaving her swift way,  
And dashing from her glancing bows  
The sparkling, snowy spray.

5 Like unto some live ocean bird,  
Swiftly and light she breasts  
The up-cusled, watery rolling hills,  
And skims along their crests.

6 Like unto some live ocean bird  
She spreads her wings of snow,  
And piles the canvass, gleaming white,  
On spars aloft, a low.

7 On, on she fleetly rushes,  
Her wake, a track of foam,  
Outstretching far, attests the speed  
With which she flies for home.

8 Home! Home! ah! what a joyfull word  
For every seaman's ear,  
But ah! vain word! vain word! to some  
Of that brig's crew I fear.



- 9 Stern sounds of import, dark & dread,  
Rise from her peopled deck;  
They're not the thrilling battle cheers  
Or shriekings of the wreck
- 10 They're not the friendly trumpets hail,  
Far over the waters east,  
Nor boom of cannon belching forth  
The fierce & deadly blast.
- 11 They're not the orders, loud & hoarse,  
"High rising over the gale,  
"Clew up! Clew down! lay out & pass  
The gaskets round the sail!"
- 12 They're sounds of anguish & despair  
Low, mournfull dread & fear,  
Sighs, prayers, & inward curses  
The mutterings of fear.
- 13 They're sounds that ne'er were heard before  
Among a Yankee crew;  
That ne'er before disgraced a ship  
O'er which our bright flag flew.
- 14 The grating's rigged - the hangman's whip  
Dangles from main yard arm,  
The wondering crew gaze on the sight  
With terror & alarm.
- 15 In doubt & fear they whisper low,  
Scarcely above their breath,  
"What mean these novel sights & signs,  
These signs of crime and death?"
- 16 Alas! the meanings soon too clear:  
The noose is round the neck  
Of three poor men, but men as brave,  
As walked the Somers' deck.



The Towers - A Ballad - Continued  
 17 But what's the cause, & what's the crime,  
 That thus, in manhood's bloom,  
 And without form of law, three men,  
 To such a death, can doom?

18 Alas! suspicion, hate, & fear,  
 And vanity are rife;  
 And a poor Ypside, that will not count  
 The worth of human life.

19 A lubber's heard a wild boy's yarn,  
 That makes his chuck turn pale,  
 And straitway to the Quarter deck,  
 He tells the wondrous tale.

20 'Tis taken up, & for this cause  
 These men are doomed to die;  
 A tale, which most men would have called,  
 A weak & silly lie.

21 On one side, Small & Cromwell stand  
 Bold men, & sailors true,  
 They quail not, though the boldest might,  
 With such a death in view.

22 The meanest Yankee tar that lives,  
 Will dare the ghastly foe,  
 Where bullets fly; where cut-throat pike,  
 Gives fiercely, blow for blow

23 Amid the flashing cannon's roar,  
 When hand to hand we board,  
 But, ah! 'Tis different far to face  
 The Hangman's cruel cord

24 Starboard, young, foolish Spencer, stands;  
 The tears are in his eye;  
 What feelings of deep agony  
 Must through his bosom fly.

25 He thinks of home, his father, friends



The Soners - A Ballad - Continued  
 His mother's fond caress;  
 He thinks of all the hopes & fears  
 That promised life to bliss

26 He thinks, too, of his comrades bold  
 Doomed by his idle tales,  
 And their dread fate more than his own  
 He bitterly bewails.

27 The whips are quailed with pistol raised  
 The first Luff bravely stands  
 To guard that on the murderous ropes  
 Are laid, unwilling hands.

28 Now, doomed men, look your last on life  
 Look on the gathered crew;  
 Look on the bounding joyous brig;  
 Look over the waters blue.

29 Look on the fleecy floating clouds;  
 Look on the serene calm light;  
 Look on that banner waving free,  
 Emblem of law & right.

30 Look! look your last! for hark! a gun  
 Sends forth its smoky breath,  
 "Whip!" - instantly upon the words  
 Their eyes are sealed in death.

31 The deed is done! that cruel deed  
 "Three cheers" the captain cries,  
 "Three cheers" for that dark blood striped flag.  
 That o'er us mocking flies.

32 Pipe down! pipe down! The captain cries  
 'Tis dinner time o'day.  
 That over in their ocean tombs  
 These corpses we will lay

33 And sad and slow our messmates dead  
 We launched into the waves,

Over



The Sinner—A Ballad—Continued  
 And watched them sink, mid ocean's moans,  
 Deep in their watery graves

34 Over them the winds a requiem sing;  
 Deep, mournfull sounds the blast;  
 And shriller hiss the curling waves  
 As homeward we speed fast

35 Our brig flies like some guilty thing  
 Faster, more fast she flies!  
 From where the blood of murdered men  
 From the deep ocean cries

36 In vain! in vain! Thou canst not escape,  
 Fatal, perfidious bark!  
 The stains of blood are on thy deck,  
 Thy freight is curses dark

37 And other hands than flesh & blood  
 Thou numberest 'mongst thy crew;  
 And a ghostly "mess" thou'lt always bear  
 Across the ocean blue

38 And not alone by mortal hands,  
 Will be, when howls night's blasts,  
 The reefpoints knotted, earings hauled,  
 Or mainyard gaskets passed,

39 No! o'er that gallows spar,  
 The yardsman brave will quail,  
 In the midnight watch at figures three  
 Unearthly—fleshless—pale.

40 Strange sounds will float upon the air,  
 And in the blast will speak;  
 And round the mainyard arms three ghosts  
 Will play, & dance, & shriek!

41 And ill luck, & misfortune dire  
 Will follow in thy wake,  
 Till the ghastly three, where lie their bones,  
 Thy last dark haven make



The Sowers - A Ballad - Concluded

42 O! better far to yield her then  
At once unto the dead,  
Than keep the bloody, cursed craft  
An honest seaman's dread!

43 Take! take her far away from land,  
Her rudder lash midship;  
From all the yard arms fore & main,  
Let hang the murderous whip.

44 She'st home on every cursed spar,  
Set every rag of sail,  
And leave her to the ocean ghouls,  
And demons of the gale!

Names of the days of the Week

The remains of the religion of the ancient people of Great Britain are seen in the names of the days of the week. These people were Scandinavians, who carried into Brittian with their arms, their Deities and their religious rites. The Anglo-Saxon superstition came from their progenitors, the Danes (and Norwegians), and the northern mythology was once the established religion of Great Brittian - The names of the days of the week were called after the Deities of this northern worship - Sunday is the day of the Sun; Monday, the day of the Moon; Tuesday, of Tuecer, the God of hunting and archery; Wednesday, the day of Woden, the God of war; Thursday, of Thor, the God of thunder; Friday, the day of Frigha, the Goddess of love and marriage; Saturday, the day of Satur, the God of fruits - Lion's Herald



## The Christian

See yonder traveller o'er his brow  
 Religion sheds its brightest glow;  
 His humble garments speak of need,  
 His whole appearance poor indeed;  
 His step is feeble, yet no gloom  
 Darkens his pathway to the tomb.

Whence comes that bright & radiant light  
 Gilding the dream of age's night?  
 What is the soul-inspiring lay,  
 That when the eve of life's great day  
 Comes gently to the waiting soul,  
 Wraps in sweet ecstasy the whole?

'Tis confidence in God that gives  
 His calm enjoyment while he lives:  
 The love of God illumines his mind,  
 With ardent faith in Christ combined;  
 Even his dimmed eye by faith beholds  
 The joys eternity unfolds.

He has upon this promise stood,—  
 All things Together work for good,  
 To those who claim by love to God,—  
 The glorious promise of his word.  
 He walks by faith, and not by sight;  
 The yoke, the burden, all is light.

Lions Herald & To Journal

The Tears of the Oppressed  
 The captive bent above her task;  
 The morn had past away,  
 And, mantling o'er the dewy earth,  
 The evening shadows lay;  
 All day beneath the burning sun,  
 Her busy hand had wrought,  
 And scarcely staid, unto her lips,  
 To lift the cooling draught.  
 Yet now the twilight's breezy stir  
 Did bring no hour of rest to her.

Up



The Tears of the Oppressed - Continued  
 Time passed away - Till midnight's gloom  
 The flickering taper burned,  
 Yet still beside her heavy task,  
 The weary captive turned  
 The dew of Toil was on her brow,  
 Its faintness in her heart,  
 And many a thought was clustering there,  
 Which would not thence depart;  
 Till tears, the language of her soul,  
 In anguish o'er her bosom stole

It was a soft and lovely night!  
 The fire-flies lit the sky,  
 As if a troop of fairy sprites  
 With clustering wings were nigh;  
 The mystic boughs were waving free,  
 Within the balmy air,  
 The proud magnolia lifting up  
 Its cup of incense fair,  
 And not a brighter sky was known,  
 Than where these balmy hours had flown.

The soft guitar was swelling out  
 Beneath the flowery shade,  
 Where laughing ones in festal white,  
 With bounding footsteps strayed,  
 Wealth lent its charms: the song, the dance  
 The passing hours beguiled,  
 And ruby lips, though sweet before,  
 Now but more sweetly smiled;  
 So softly beautiful they shone,  
 One might have dreamed of joy alone.

They came unto the captive's ear -  
 Those sounds of joy and glee,  
 Which burst from many a youthful heart,  
 With pleasure bounding free,  
 She thought upon her lonely doom,  
 Its hopeless, endless cares -  
 The chiding voice, the bloody lash,  
 And then she thought of theirs:

Over



The Tears of the Oppressed - Concluded  
Till mid her toil, alone, alone,  
In tears the midnight hours had flown.

They fall, they fall, those glittering drops,  
In many a lovely spot;  
Yet never by Him who seeth all,  
Such tears will be forgot,  
For every pearly drop that's shed  
Beneath oppression's rod,  
Shall be a witness, swift and sure,  
To an avenging God;  
And He who <sup>notes</sup> ~~motes~~ the sparrows fall,  
Shall mete his justice out to all  
Florence

Tuesday, Sept 3<sup>d</sup> 1844.

I do not know what to write (and I only under-  
-take it because I can't do anything else -

Our good ship is now in Lat 50.28 N & 154.10 West  
Longitude - we are thirty-seven months (and three  
days from home (and have obtained in all our wan-  
-derings over the oceans 1600 bbls of oil - 1000 bbls of it  
is sperm (and 600 bbls is R whale oil - We have in  
this time sailed, & allowing the ship to have gone  
2 knots an hour all the time, about 54000 miles -  
we have been laying at anchor at 5 different places.  
viz Callao, Payta, Tumbes, Mowee or Mani 3 -  
(and Maria Islands) - We have seen sperm whales  
only 40 times - (and have only saved 30 whales, the  
largest of these made 94 bbls (and the smallest only  
made about 5 bbls - we have lost from various causes  
12 sperm whales, which makes 42 which we have been fast  
to in all - we have killed (and sunk one Humpback -  
we have struck 13 Right whales of which we have  
saved 5 - sunk 3 - but from 3 - Irons broke in 1 (and line  
parted from 1 - The largest R whale made rising 200  
bbls (and the smallest 40 bbls - And for the last three  
or four months I have looked for whales hard - pulled  
hard in the boats, worked hard on board - and have done  
next to nothing in which is very hard - (and now I am  
very home sick, and can't get home - which is harder yet  
Oh! dear - Oh! dear - Oh! dear - D. C. Wright



Sabbath Evening

Now calmly sinks the parting sun,  
 Yet twilight lingers still,  
 And beautiful as dreams of Heaven.  
 It slumbers on the hill,  
 Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,  
 Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,  
 And, rendering back the hues above,  
 Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees  
 In shadowy groups recline,  
 Like saints at evening bowed in prayer  
 Around their holy shrine;  
 And through their leaves the night winds blow  
 So calm and still - their music low,  
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer  
 Soft echoed on the evening air,

And yonder western throng of clouds,  
 Retiring from the sky,  
 So calmly move, so softly glow,  
 They seem to fancy's eye  
 Bright creatures of a better sphere,  
 Come down at noon to worship here,  
 And from their sacrifice of love  
 Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,  
 The night arch floating high,  
 The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,  
 The bright streams leaping off,  
 Are living with religion - deep  
 On earth and sea its glories sleep,  
 And mingle with the starlight rays  
 Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve  
 Comes through the silent air  
 And feeling's hidden spring, and wakes  
 A gush of music there!  
 And the far depths of ether beam

Over



Sabbath Evening - Continued  
 So passing fair, we almost dream  
 That we can rise (and wander through  
 Their open paths of trackless blue!

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,  
 Each pulse is beating high wild,  
 And thought is soaring to the shrine  
 Of glory undefiled!  
 And hark! aspirations start  
 Like blessed angels from the heart  
 And bind - {for earth's dark ties are riven} -  
 Our spirits to the gates of Heaven  
 G. D. Prentice

### The Throne of Grace

If you are a christian, the throne of grace is yours,  
 Your Father is seated on it. Your Saviour has sprinkled  
 it with his own blood. The Holy Spirit draws you  
 secretly to kneel before it; and the promise, when there  
 is, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." What  
 an honor to approach the King of kings! Were we  
 to have an audience with an earthly monarch, we should  
 deem it an era in our history (and boast of it through life.  
 But you and I, and others, may have audience with the King  
 of the universe. Nay, we have liberty to approach him  
~~at him~~ at any time (and under any circumstances,  
 Have we wants? He can supply them. Are we in trouble?  
 He can extricate us. Do afflictions press our souls? He  
 can mitigate (and remove them. Does sin pollute our  
 joys? With him is the fountain of cleansing. Does  
 Satan vex our souls? He invites us to his arms as our  
 refuge. All relief (and every blessing is from God  
 Newton

### Chapter for Young Men.

Of what a heinous progeny of ill is deft the fat-  
 her. What lies, what meanness, what invasions of  
 self-respect, what double dealing! Now in due season  
 it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles - how;  
 like a knife will stab the honest heart. And then



A Chapter for Young Men. - Continued  
its transformation! How it has been known to change  
a goodly face into a mask of brass; the man into a  
callidus trickster. A freedom from debt, (and what  
nourishing sweetness may be found in water; what  
toothsome ness in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourish-  
ment in a hard egg. You may be sure of it, he who  
dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit (and an  
onion, dines in 'the Apollo'. And then for raiment,  
what warmth in a threadbare coat if the tailor's re-  
ceipt be in the pocket; what Tyrian purple in the  
faded waistcoat, when it is not owed for; how glossy the  
well worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a  
debtor! Next the home sweets, the outdoor recreations  
of a free man. The street door knocker fall not a  
knell upon his heart; the foot on the staircase, though  
he lives on the third pair, sends no spasm through his  
anatomy; at the rap at his door he can crow forth 'come  
in'; and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart  
sink not in his bowels. See him abroad! How confid-  
ently, yet how pleasantly he takes the street; how he  
returns look for look with any passenger: how he saunters  
how meeting an acquaintance, he stands (and gossips!  
But then this man knows no debt debt, that casts  
a drug in the richest wine; that makes the food of  
the Gods unwholesome, indigestible; the banquets of Lu-  
cullus with ashes, soot in the soup of an emperor -  
debt, that like the moth, makes valueless furs (and  
velvets, enclosing the wearer in a fastening prison,  
{ The shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for }  
debt that writes upon frescoed walls the handwriting  
of the attorney, that puts a voice of terror in the knocker  
and makes the heart quake at the haunted fireside;  
debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with  
a man, now quickening his steps, now making him  
look round all sides like a haunted beast. And bringing  
to his face the ashy line of death, as the unconscious  
passenger looks glaucy upon him.

Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, (and some times  
with advantage, be gulped down. Though the  
drinker make wry faces, there may, after all, be a  
wholesome goodness, in the cup. But debt, however



A Chapter for Young Men-continued  
 courteously it be offered, is the cup of a syren, (and  
 the wine, spiced (and delicious though it be, is an  
 eating poison. The man out of debt, though with  
 a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in the shoe leather,  
 (and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free  
 as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though  
 clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf on  
 a holiday, a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by  
 his owner, the creditor?

If a young man be poor, let him see wine in the  
 running springs, let his mouth water at a last  
 week's roll, let him think a thread-bare coat the  
 only wear, (and acknowledge a white-washed garret  
 the fittest housing for a gentleman- but let him  
 flee debt. and his heart shall be at peace. (and  
 the sheriff confounded J. J. Evangelist

### Folly of Atheism

Go out beneath the arched heavens in gloom, (and  
 say, if you can- There is no God! Pronounce that broad blas-  
 phemy, (and each star above you will upbraid you for  
 your unbroken darkness of intellect- every voice  
 that floats upon the night winds will bewail your  
 utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God?  
 Who, then, unrolled that scroll, (and threw upon  
 its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of im-  
 mortality? Who fashioned this green earth- with  
 its perpetual cooling waters, (and its expanse of islands  
 and main? Who settled the foundation of the moun-  
 tains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, (and  
 attended amid the storms the voice of thunders,  
 (and unchained the lightnings that linger, (and  
 lurk, (and flash in their gloom?

Who gave to the eagle the safe eyrie where the  
 tempest dwell (and beat strongest, (and to the dove  
 a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo  
 to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made thee  
 O Man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect (and  
 form? Who made light pleasant to thee, (and  
 the darkness covering, (and a herald to the first



Folly of Atheism— Continued  
 beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee  
 that matchless symmetry of the sinews and limbs?  
 The regular flowing of blood? The irrepressible and  
 daring passions of ambition and love?  
 And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of  
 earth are calmed? Are there no floods, that man is  
 not swept under a deluge? They remain, but the  
 bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath  
 them. And it were better that the limitless waters &  
 the strong mountains were convulsed and commin-  
 gled together—it were better that the very stars were  
 conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom,  
 than the soul should be lost, while Mercy kneels  
 and pleads for it beneath the altar of Intercession.  
 A. J. Evangelist

A Mother's Address and Meditations upon the death  
 of her child who died of a scarlet fever March 1<sup>st</sup> 1842

To sleep thou art gone, my dear little one!

May thy rest be as sweet as my love!

Thy pains are all banished, thy labor is done,  
 Thou art gone to thy Saviour above.

To rest thou art gone, thy cries are all still,

And life's last pulsation is o'er

No frost shall now blight thee, no damp shall now chill,  
 No cloud on thy heaven shall lower.

To sleep thou art gone, when the angels attend,

And sweet hallelujahs proclaim,

To our Father above, with Jesus our friend.

Thou art now at rest in his name.

To sleep thou art gone, should thy mother repine?

When thy father hath called thee away?

Should she grieve? O, no, but thy spirit resign

And the will of his father obey

To sleep I must go, as my darling has gone,

Soon the thread of my life will be riven,

God's will must be done. his Kingdom must come,

I shall meet with my baby in Heaven



Flowers— By Mrs Letta Smith  
 I deem it not an idle task,  
 These lovely things to rear,  
 That spread their arms as they would ~~ask~~  
 If sun and dew are here—  
 For simple wants alone are theirs,  
 The pure and common too—  
 The bounty of refreshing air,  
 The gift of liquid dew.

And they return for every ray,  
 At gayer smile and look;  
 And greenly as the clear drops play,  
 They murmur of the brook;  
 And thus our thoughts away they lure,  
 Where woods and waters gleam,  
 And mountain airs are strong and pure,  
 And sing the bird and stream.

Snail, grateful things! how fondly they  
 The nurtured leaf outspread,  
 And more than all my care repay,  
 When from its folded bed  
 Some pink or crimson blossoms press  
 To thrill me with delight,  
 To fill my very eyes with tears,  
 Its beauty is so bright.

Nay, 'tis no idle thing, I trust,  
 To foster beauty's birth,  
 To lift from out the lowly dust,  
 One blossom of the earth—  
 Where barrenness before had been  
 A verdure to disclose,  
 And make the desert, rich in cheer,  
 To blossom as the rose.

A G Evangelist



Oh! they look upwards in every place  
Through this beautiful world of ours,  
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face,  
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!  
They tell us of wanderings by the woods and streams,  
They tell us of lakes and trees;  
But the children of showers and sunny beams  
Have lovelier tales than these—  
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell us of a season when men were not,  
When earth was by angels trod,  
And leaves and flowers in every spot  
Burst forth at the call of God:  
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,  
Wandered by wood and glade,  
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,  
And blest what he had made—  
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth on them still,  
Though often the storm cloud lowers,  
And frequent tempests may soil and chill  
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.  
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,  
Made a home in the hearts of men,  
The blessings of God on each tender leaf  
Preserved in their beauty then—  
The bright, bright flowers!

The lily is lovely as when it slept  
On the waters of Eden's lake;  
And sweet is the woodbine as when it crept  
In Eden from brake to brake.  
They were left as a proof of the loveliness  
Of Adam and Eve's first home:  
They are here as a type of the joys that bless  
The just in a world to come—  
The bright, bright flowers!



*Abide with us*

"Abide with us;" the evening hour draws on;  
And pleasant at the daylight's weary close  
The traveler's repose!

And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,  
Thy words, oh blessed stranger! have dispelled  
The midnight gloom in which our hearts were held.  
Laid were our souls, and quenched Hope's latest ray;  
But, thou, to us, hath words of comfort-given  
Of Him who came from Heaven!

How burned our hearts within us on the way,  
While thou the sacred Scripture didst unfold,  
And bade'st us trust the promise given of old!  
"Abide with us!" let us not lose thee yet!  
Lest, unto us, the cloud of fear return,  
When we are left to mourn  
That Israel's hope, his better Sun, is set!  
Oh! teach us more of what we long to know,  
That new-born joy may chase our faithless wo!  
Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,  
And knew not He was walking by their side,  
Who on the Cross had died!

But when he broke the consecrated bread,  
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,  
And, in the Stranger, hailed their risen Lord!  
"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,  
Compassed with doubt, and bitterness and dread,  
When as life from the dead,  
The bow of Mercy breaks upon his gaze!  
He trusts the words yet fears, lest from his heart,  
He whose discourse is Peace, too soon depart.  
Open, thou trembling one! the portal wide,  
And to the inmost palace of thy breast,  
Take home the Heavenly Guest!

He, for the famished, shall a feast provide;  
And thou shalt taste the Bread of Life, and see  
The Lord of Angels come to sup with thee.  
Beloved! who for us with care hast sought—  
Lay, shall we hear Thy voice, and let Thee wait  
All night before the gate,



Abide with us &c continued  
 Wet with the dews nor greet Thee as we ought,  
 O, strike the fetters from the thrall of ~~Pride~~ Pride,  
 And, that we perish not, with us oh Lord abide!

Twenty-One. — Evening Post — Philadelphia  
 Just twenty — just twenty one!  
 How swift the sands of Life have run!  
 It seems but yesterday to me.  
 I gambolled at my Mother's knee,  
 With all an infant's hopes and fears,  
 Its simple joys, and tender tears;  
 And joyed to see the hallowed smile  
 Rest in her calm blue eye the while,  
 She deemed her wayward child was blest —  
 That peace sat in its little breast!

Yet, true it is, youth's sun and shower  
 Have passed me by since that young hour,  
 And left me on the slippery sand  
 Of manhood's long expected strand;  
 Where higher duties wait to guide  
 My frail barque over a stormier tide

Forever passed my youthful years! —  
 Bright dripping with joy's silver tears,  
 Oft shall I gaze upon your charms  
 That linger in my memory's arms —  
 A mother's and a sister's care,  
 A father's true and fervent prayer,  
 A brother's kind companionship,  
 The words of Friendship's hallowed lip,  
 The gilded clouds that float above  
 The horizon of dreaming Love. —  
 O Thou! who deigns to let man share  
 Thy mercy and Thy holy care,  
 If in youth's hour of thoughtless glee,  
 My soul has wandered far from Thee —  
 And its first innocence defiled,  
 Forgive thy weak and frantic child  
 And whatever my fate may be,  
 Where'er my home, on shore or sea,  
 Along the mystic Future's way,  
 Be Thou my Guardian, Guide and Stay



## The Rainbow. By Emelia

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,  
 That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,  
 Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,  
 When my heart was as light as a blossom in June,  
 The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,  
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,  
 While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,  
 On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,  
 That scattered the raindrops and dimpled the seas,  
 Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled  
 Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold;  
 'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,  
 It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,  
 And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,  
 With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!  
 Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,  
 While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,  
 When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore.  
 No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,  
 Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,  
 And bent my young head in devotion and love,  
 To the fork of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!  
 How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!  
 If I looked on the sky 'twas suspended in air  
 If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there.  
 Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole,  
 As the thoughts of the rainbow that circle my soul—  
 Like the wing of the Deity calmly unfurled,  
 It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments I think, when the spirit receives  
 Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,  
 When the folds of the heart in a moment enclose,  
 Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;  
 And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky,  
 The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;



## The Rainbow. By Amelia

It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,  
 all fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain,  
 But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;  
 I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,  
 Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;  
 Yet, Oh! when death's shadows my bosom enclose,  
 When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,  
 May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold.  
 In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

## I Love the Starry Night. By Sketcher

I love, I love the starry night,  
 When every twinkling orb is bright  
 Flooding the earth with silvery light.  
 In beauty sweet!

'Tis then I love to speed away,  
 Across the glassy sparkling bay,  
 In my light skiff with heart so gay.  
 My love to meet.

The starry night! the starry night!  
 When the calm moon is at its height,  
 Oh! 'tis a witching, charming sight!  
 Sublimely grand!

I love to roam abroad (and view,  
 The vasty heavens, deeply blue,  
 And all besprangled richly too.  
 Made by His hand.

O some may love the rosy day,  
 When the great sun with golden ray,  
 Upon the laughing earth doth play,  
 Its beams so bright,

But give, oh give that time to me,  
 When nature slumbers quietly,  
 From the dazzling sunlight free—  
 The starry night—

Saturday Evening Post



The Sailors Life - From the Friend of Temperance & Seamen  
 Tossed by ocean's heaving surges,  
 Doomed the watery waste to roam  
 (Wherever gain or science urges;  
 From home an exile - or, without a home.

2 Numberless temptations, dangers,  
 Throng around at sea - on shore;  
 Now beset by reckless strangers;  
 Now amid the tempest's roar.

3 Or, he's sick; and no fond mother  
 Is at hand to cheer his heart;  
 He has a sister - but another  
 Must perform a sister's part.

4 True, in every clime and nation  
 Is the hapless sailor's life.  
 Marked with hardships and privation,  
 Rough endurance, censure, strife.

5 Yet, the tempest's rage is harmless,  
 When compared with passion's gust -  
 Hapier are the fettered captives  
 Than the slaves of rum, or lust.

6 Still, kind efforts are not wasted  
 For the sailor's happiness:  
 Pleasures pure, he's often tasted -  
 He may rise to heavenly bliss.

7 Noble, though perchance degraded,  
 Tender-hearted, generous, brave -  
 Are a brother's rights invaded?  
 He will risk his life to save.

8 Comes the "Friend" to you, poor sailors,  
 Wishing you a Happy Year.  
 Hail not land-sharks nor retailers;  
 From seducing sirens steer

9 Sinning is the source prolific  
 Of the sufferings you endure -

Ship B. Rush - Lat - 5 deg. N Long 153.30 West

Bound to the Southward

Nov 11<sup>th</sup> 1844

Q. C. Wright

Virtue is the grand specific;  
Holiness, the sovereign cure

Pleasure dwells with the pure-hearted;

"To the virtuous, peace is given,  
And the cheering hope imparted  
Of the endless bliss of Heaven



8/21

She May Yet be mine - By a Sailor  
'Tis three long years since last I saw  
The gentle Clementine;  
But Hope forbids me still to doubt  
That she may yet be mine

Old Ocean's waves divide us now  
Full many a hundred miles;  
But future years I yet may see,  
Enlivened by her smiles.

In grief I left the lovely maid -  
More lovely for her fears -  
Which spoke her soul's sweet tenderness;  
Her heart's foreboding fears.

Though circumstances then combined  
To drive me from her side,  
Some happier day may yet restore  
The exile to his bride.

I hear that rivals struggle hard  
To rob me of her love -  
But all in vain - they cannot change  
My faithful turtle-dove.

May Heaven's choicest blessings rest  
On gentle Clementine;  
For Hope forbids me still to doubt  
That she may yet be mine.

G. M. R

Ship Peruvian. St John N B. - For the Friend of Temperance & Seamen

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best Philosophy;  
a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance  
the best physic. The Friend



An early Impression— By a Sailor  
 How oft when but a child, I've roamed  
 Among the tomb-stones gray,  
 And marked the records of the dead  
 Whose ashes round me lay.

Here stood a splendid monument,  
 Erected o'er the great,  
 Who, all unconscious, slept beneath,  
 Nor cared for earthly state.

While there the simple headstone marked  
 The peasant of the soil,  
 Whose bones amidst his father's dust  
 Reposed from earthly toil.

Here lay the young, and there the old,  
 In one unnumbered heap;  
 Who, till the Resurrection Day  
 The Earth hath charge to keep

While viewing o'er the various throng  
 Of Adam's family there,  
 My heart, though young, would ponder deep,  
 And, something say, "prepare?"

Although since then I've wandered far  
 O'er seas, and mountains high,  
 That inward voice hath ne'er been hushed,  
 "Prepare for thou must die!" G M R  
 Eng to Ship Peruvian. Apr 2<sup>d</sup> 1844

### Invocation to Spring

Bend down from thy chariot, oh! beautiful spring;  
 Unfold like a standard, thy radiant wing,  
 And beauty and joy, in thy rosy path bring!  
 We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love!  
 We watch for thy smile in the pure sky above!  
 And we sigh for the hour when the wood-bird shall sing,  
 And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful spring!  
 How the lone heart will bound, when thy presence draws near,



Invocation to Spring - continued

As if borne from this world, to some lovelier sphere!  
How the fond soul to meet thee, in rapture shall rise  
When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the skies.

Descend thy soft breath on the icy bound stream!  
I will vanish - I will melt like the forms in a dream -  
Released from the chains, like the child in its glee,  
I will flow on, unbounded, unfettered, and free!  
I will leap on in joy like a bird on the wing,  
And hail the sweet music, oh! beautiful spring!  
But tread with thy foot, on the snow-covered plain,  
And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train!  
But whisper one word, with thy seraph-like voice,  
And nature and earth shall rejoice, shall rejoice!

O spring! lovely goddess! what form can compare,  
With thine, so resplendent so glowing so fair?  
What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye  
From whose glance the dark spirit of winter doth fly?  
A garland of roses is twined round thy brow -  
Thy cheek with the pale blush of evening doth glow -  
A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,  
And the light-winged zephyrus plays round thy head.

Oh! could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing,  
And rest ever beside thee, beautiful Spring!  
While the thought of thy beauty inspireth my brain,  
I shrink from the terror of cold winters reign -  
Nethinks I behold thee - I hear thy soft voice -  
And in fullness of heart I rejoice! I rejoice!  
But the cold wind is moaning, the drear snow doth fall,  
And nought but the shrieking blast echoes my call.  
Oh! heed the frail offering an infant can bring!  
And grant my petition, Spring! beautiful Spring!

Margaret M Davidson. - Aged 12 years



## The Cross

Symbol of shame! mysterious sign  
 Of groans, and agonies, and blood,  
 Hail! pledge of love, of peace divine  
 From God!

Symbol of Hope! to those that stray,  
 The pilgrims' vows extend to thee;  
 Star of the Soul, thou guid'st the way  
 To Calvary

Symbol of tears! we look and mourn  
 At his woes, whose soul for man was given;  
 Where, wanderer! is thy due return?  
 To Heaven

Symbol of empire! thou shalt rise  
 And shine, in lands where darkness sit  
 On Eastern domes that greet the skies,  
 And minaret!

Symbol of Glory! when no more  
 The monarch grasps his diadem,  
 Thou still shalt burn when worlds are o'er,  
 A peerless gem!  
 Lion's Herald

A Morning Hymn  
 As morning light resumes the skies  
 And ushers in the welcome day,  
 O, Sun of Righteousness arise!  
 The brightness of thy face display!

Dispel the shades of nature's night  
 And cheer us in our low estate;  
 Now with the rays of heavenly light,  
 Our darkened souls illuminate.

O let us, by thy Spirit's beam,  
 Our folly, sin, and danger see,  
 And Thou who didst our souls redeem,  
 Our wisdom, guide, and Savior be.



A Morning Hym Continued  
Diffuse Thy life through every part;  
The warmth of love give us to feel;  
Thy full salvation, Lord, impart;  
In us thy glory now reveal. E  
Lion's Herald

An Evening Hym  
Lo! the evening shades are falling,  
Night her mantle round us throws,  
And to duty now is calling,  
For the day hath reached its close;  
Let us worship,  
Then we'll seek for sweet repose

If no duty is neglected,  
We can claim a Father's care,  
And expect to be protected,  
When the cross we freely bear,  
For the faithful  
Only shall his blessings share.

When the suppliant knee is bending,  
Swift on wings of faith and prayer,  
Let our hearts on high ascending,  
Leave behind all cumbering care,  
Soar to heaven,  
For our treasure, Lord, is there.

When our bodies fall and slumber  
Steath the cold and silent clod,  
May we join that happy number,  
Who the pilgrim's pathway trod,  
And forever  
Dwell with angels, Christ and God. E  
Lion's Herald



## What is Life?

Say, is there aught that can convey  
 The image of life's transient stay?  
 'Tis a hand's-breadth; 'Tis a tale,  
 'Tis a vessel under sail;  
 'Tis a courier's straining steed,  
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed;  
 'Tis an eagle on its way,  
 Darting down upon its prey,  
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,  
 Mocking the pursuing sight;  
 'Tis a vapor in the air,  
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there,  
 'Tis a short-lived fading flower,  
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower,  
 'Tis a momentary ray,  
 Shining on a winter's day;  
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream,  
 'Tis a shadow—'Tis a dream;  
 'Tis the closing watch of night,  
 Dying at the rising light;  
 'Tis a landscape vainly gay,  
 Painted upon crumbling clay;  
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires,  
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires,  
 'Tis a breath on furnished steel,  
 'Tis a furrow which the keel  
 Ploughs upon the watery main,  
 'Tis an April shower of rain,  
 'Tis the iris on the spray  
 Dashed by vessels in their way,  
 Catching some slant solar ray;  
 'Tis a meteor in the sky,  
 'Tis a bubble; 'Tis a sigh;  
 Be prepared, O man, to die.

London Christian Guardian

To the memory of Rev. T. W. Smith  
 Rest my brother in the Lord,  
 Herald of his holy word,  
 Rest thee from thy toil and strife,  
 Share the bliss of endless life



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To the Memory of Rev Wm Smith  
Soon thy work on earth is done,  
Soon thy brilliant race is run;  
And thou art crowned a priest of God,  
Through the riches of the Saviour's blood

Thou hast fought the battle well,  
Conquered earth, and vanquished hell;  
Put thy many foes to flight,  
Triumphed in the wildering fight;  
Yes; I've seen thee on the field,  
Where even stouter hearts might yield;  
Seen thee in thy warrior dress,  
Heard thy watchword, — "Prince of Peace!"

Yes; I've seen thee; man of God,  
Wrestling with the fire and flood!  
But the tempest passing by,  
Never dimmed thy watchful eye!  
Men and devils, death and hell,  
These may of thy valor tell;  
Victor! Soldier of the Cross!  
All foes by thee have suffered loss.

But thy warfare now is over,  
Thou hast gained the radiant shore  
Where sister spirits whisper "Love  
Haste thee to these climes 'above!'"  
Happy brother! rest thee there;  
Soon we hope thy bliss to share,  
And the pealing anthem swell,  
Jesus has done all things well!  
Rev L P Bridge



Mariner's Hymn - By Mrs Southey  
 Launch thy bark, Mariner!  
 Christian, God speed thee!  
 Let loose the rudder-bands -  
 Good angels lead thee!  
 Let thy sails warily,  
 Tempests will come;  
 Steer thy course steadily,  
 Christian steer home!

Look to the weather-bow;  
 Breakers are round thee!  
 Let fall the plummet now,  
 Shallows may ground thee.  
 Reef in the foresail there!  
 Hold the helm fast!  
 So - let the vessel wear -  
 There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?  
 What of the night?"  
 "Cloudy - all quiet  
 No land yet - all's right."  
 Be wakeful, be vigilant -  
 Danger may be,  
 At an hour when all seemeth  
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?  
 Clean out the hold -  
 Hoist up the merchandise,  
 Heave out thy gold; -  
 There - let the ingots go -  
 Now the ship rights;  
 Hurra! the harbor's near -  
 Lo the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet At inlet, or island; Straight for the beacon steer, Straight for the high land; Crowd all thy canvas on	} But through the foam - Christian cast anchor now Heaven is thy home
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Stanzas. Written by the Sea Side - By Miss Lonsbury

29

One evening as the sun went down  
Gliding the mountains bare and brown,  
I wandered on the shore  
And such a blaze over ocean spread,  
I never saw before!

I was not lonely:- dwellings fair  
Were scattered round and shining there:-  
Gay groups were on the green,  
While sounds rose in the quiet air,  
That mingling made sweet music there,  
Surpassing minstrel's skill!

The breezy murmur from the shore,  
Lays laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er,  
Alike by sire and child,-  
The whistle shrill- The broken song,-  
The far off flute notes lingering long,-  
The lark's strain rich and wild.

I looked. I listened- and the spell  
Of music and of beauty fell  
So radiant on my heart  
That scarcely durst I really deem,  
What yet I would not own a dream,  
Lest dream-like it depart.

'Twas sunset in the world around:-  
And looking inward so I found  
'Twas sunset in the soul;  
For grief, nor mirth, were burning there,  
But musings sweet and visions fair.  
In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these the human mind  
Though seeking oft may seldom find  
Or finding force to stay:-  
As dew upon the drooping flower,  
That having shone their little hour,  
Dry up or fall away

But though all pleasures take their flight  
Yet some will leave memorials bright

For many an after year:

That sunset- this dull night will shade,-  
These visions, which must quickly fade,  
Will half immortal memory braid  
For me when far from here



# Shall I see them no more - By Robt. Lofsely

I Shall I see them no more? Must I die far away  
From all I so loved in life's early day?  
The parent who taught me the lessons of truth,  
The brothers who shared all the joys of my youth,  
The dear gentle sisters whose smile could destroy  
All the fanciful grips of the passionate boy,  
The schoolmates, my playmates, when study was o'er,  
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

II Shall I see them no more? The Green Mountains that rose  
Through the warm summer sky to the region of snows;  
The valley where often I pensively strayed,  
The brook where I fished and the woods where I played;  
The cottage that stood by the side of the hill,  
And the cool spring had by with its murmuring rill;  
The apples and cherry trees, close by the door,  
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

III O bright are the skies that hang over me now,  
And soft is the breeze to my feverish brow;  
I fly to the lovely and mirth-moving throng,  
I join in the laughter, the dance and the song;  
But, gazing on visions of beauty and grace,  
The shadow of sadness steals over my face;  
I sigh for the lost ones time cannot restore -  
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

IV O God! let me die where I first drew my breath,  
With my friends and my kindred around me in death;  
Let not the rude hand of the stranger be laid  
On the cold, silent image of clay thou hast made,  
When my spirit is gone, let my body repose  
In its old mountain home where the evergreen grows;  
There they who still love me, my loss will deplore -  
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?



Stanzas - From the Sheet Anchor

{ 131

I Child of the Sea! hast thou this hope,  
This Anchor of the soul;  
Or dost thou yet desponding grope  
Where stormy billows roll?  
Tossed to and fro by every blast,  
On every troubled wave?  
This, this alone can hold thee fast,  
Thy bark from ruin save.

II What though thick darkness shroud the sky,  
Robed in the tempest's wrath,  
And not one burning star on high  
Can light the watery path;  
This Hope thy Anchor, thou canst bide  
The storm's severest shock,  
And slumber on the raging tide  
Firm as a mountain rock.

III In wildest perils on the sea  
I will never, never fail,  
When paleness on the cheek shall be,  
And bravest spirits fail.  
Where icy rocks and cliffs and caves,  
The arctic billows foam,  
Or where the sunny tropic waves  
Roll by in currents warm.

IV Oh Sailor! make this Anchor thine,  
And cast it from thy deck,  
Ere get thy bark in ocean's brine  
Forever sinks a wreck;  
And when thou hast a feeble breath,  
And life's strong cords are riven,  
Then drop it in the port of death,  
And thou art moored in Heaven!

A M C



Roman - By Hon Robt M Charlton

I Angel of Earth! oh, what were life  
Without thy form - without thy smile?  
A circle of despair and strife,  
Of toil, of misery, and guile:  
Like mists before the morning rays,  
As from the snare the timid dove,  
So fled the cares of man away,  
Beneath thy kind and gentle love.

II Was Eden lost because of thee!  
Have heroes left a laurel crown,  
That they might bow the willing knee,  
At dearer shrine than man's renown!  
Oh! who would sigh for all the pain,  
That loss like this could ever impart,  
If he were only sure to gain,  
The Eden of a Woman's Heart!

III Mother! can mortal ever repay  
Thy all devoted sacrifice,  
Thy care that lasts through night & day,  
Thy love, that never, never dies!  
In childhood's hour, in manhood's prime  
When age comes on with slow decay,  
In joy, in sorrow, and in crime,  
Still beams thy fond affection's ray!

IV Daughter! The Roman girl of old,  
Who from her maiden bosom nursed  
The sire, whom dungeons vile did hold,  
Tortured by famine and by thirst,  
Shall illustrate thy filial love,  
Which can the drooping soul sustain,  
Like manna showered from above  
Upon Arabia's arid plain

V "Sisters." The mates of childhood's hour,  
When life was young and fresh and green;  
The comforter when cares did lower,  
The sharer in each joyous scene,



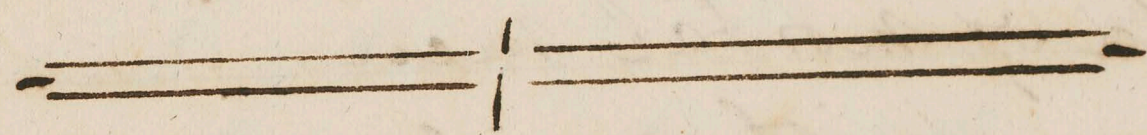
What dearer tie, what purer love,  
 Can we around our hearts entwine,  
 } Save that which becometh from above, }  
 Than this abiding love of Thine!

VI

Yes! there's another from whose charm,  
 Doth in itself completely blend,  
 The kind affections, pure and warm,  
 Of Mother, Daughter, Sister, Friend!  
 Wife! oh! the poet's task is pain  
 Thy spell, thy comfort to portray;  
 As well might painter strive to gain,  
 The glory of the morning's ray!

VII

Angel of life! I would not give,  
 This ever faithful love of Thine,  
 For all the joys on earth that live,  
 For all the gems that in earth shine;  
 Let others Glory's chaplets twine,  
 Or court the fame that duds impart,  
 I seek no dearer earthly shrine,  
 Than that which holds a Woman's Heart



### The Stream of Death

There is a stream whose narrow tide  
 The known and unknown world divide,  
 Where all must go;  
 Its waveless waters, dark and deep,  
 Mid sullen silence, downward sweep  
 With moanless flow.

I saw where, at the dreary flood,  
 A smiling infant prattling stood,  
 Whose hour was come;  
 Untaught of ill it neared the tide,  
 Sunk as to cradled rest, and died  
 Like going home

Followed with languid eye anon  
 A youth diseased, and pale, and wan;  
 And thou alone



# The Stream of Death - Continued

He gazed upon the leaden stream,  
And feared to plunge - I heard a scream,  
And he was gone

And then a form in manhood's strength,  
Came bustling on, till there at length  
He saw life's bound;  
He shrank and raised the bitter prayer  
Too late - his shrieks of wild despair  
The waters drowned

Next stood upon that surgeless shore  
A being bowed with many a score,  
Of toilsome years.  
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,  
Back turned his dimming eye and sank,  
The full of years

How bitter must thy waters be,  
Oh death! How hard a thing, ah me!  
It is to die!  
I missed - when to that stream again,  
Another child of mortal men  
With smiles drew nigh.

"Tis the last pang," he calmly said -  
To me, O Death! thou hast no dread -  
Savior, I come!  
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore -  
I see! ye waters bear me o'er!  
There is my home



## Funeral at Sea

On the year 183 I sailed from Bedford  
in the Chile, we were bound to the Southern  
Ocean after a cargo of whale-oil - our crew consisted  
of 25 souls in all, - and when we cast off from  
the wharf and began our voyage - high hopes  
of a good voyage, & speedy return burned in  
every bosom - what mournful fairs of suffering  
in station and in life are at once

## The Graves of a Household

They grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight -  
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the west  
By a dark stream is laid;  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade -

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He ~~was~~ was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,  
Above the noble slain;  
He wrapped his colours round his breast,  
On a blood red field of Spain.

And one - o'er her the myrtle showers,  
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;  
She faded midst Italian flowers -  
The last of that fair band.



## The Stream of Death - Continued

He gazed upon the leaden stream,  
And feared to plunge - I heard a scream,  
And he was gone

And then a form in manhood's strength,  
Came bustling on, till there at length  
He saw life's bound;

## The Graves of a Household.

And parted thus, they rest who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that ~~that~~ with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth -  
Alas! for love, if thou art all,  
And naught beyond Oh Earth!

Mrs. Hemans,

## Farewell Song.

I go sweet friends! yet think of me  
When Spring's low voice awakes the flowers,  
For we have wandered far and free in those bright



## Funeral at Sea

In the year 1833 I sailed from Bedford in the *Chili*, we were bound to the Southern Ocean after a cargo of whale-oil. our crew consisted of 25 souls in all, and when we cast off from the wharf and began our voyage high hopes of a good voyage, & speedy return burned in every bosom. — what mountains of difference in station and situation in life are at once leveled in a whaler's forecastle. — there were men in that ship of almost every grade in society — learned, & unlearned; rich & poor, and the still more marked contrast of old salts of many years experience, and exposure to the storms of ~~the~~ ocean; and the "green hand" now just commencing his career as a sailor; yet on that evening each man walked to the "tea bucket" and bailed out his quart of tea and each one also helped himself from the same beef kid, and the same bread — barge, and with appetites sharpened by brisk exercise made a hearty meal, without grumbling. — After supper the watches were chosen, and we received the inaugural of the Captain R. "I shall never forget that address, — it was characteristic of the man." Boys we have begun this voyage under favorable circumstances, I hope it will end as well. Now remember Go when you are told, & come when you are called, and we shall get along well enough. — He was a man of few words, but meant all he said.

We proceeded on our voyage, touching at the Azores, Cape de Verde, &c having many adventures, being chased by Pirates, & in our turn chasing whales, until we had nearly completed our voyage, and were about ready to start for home — every heart was beating high with hope, when the circumstance I am about to relate took place.

We were engaged stowing down oil, the day was clear but cold, and the wind was blowing half a gale. The ship rolled occasionally



very deep. We had broken out the "blubber  
room" to make room for the casks from the  
hold. a four barreled cask was placed  
on the weather side of the deck full of water,  
some of the crew were below passing  
up wood from the hold to the deck floor  
Dubois thus engaged, stood upon some  
casks right in the lower deck hatchway  
when the ship fetched a heavy lee lurch  
and the water cask was thrown from its  
fastenings, and pitching end over end  
struck him, and he was fastened in  
the hatchway between the coverings and the  
head of the cask the other head upon the  
weather side of the hatch. his legs  
above his knees were literally mashed  
to pieces. We hoisted him on deck as  
soon as we could and proceeded to render  
him all the aid <sup>in our power</sup> we could; but in vain  
he died the following day. he retained  
his senses untill the last giving me  
the name and address of his parents, and  
requesting me to write to them upon our  
return to Bedford. He died in the  
afternoon watch, and we sewed him in his  
hammock and left him untill morning.  
Long long & dreary was that night.  
The wind had now increased to a perfect  
gale, the rain fell in torrents, the decks  
were lumbered up with oil casks. Inaccess-  
sible island was under our lee, we had  
not seen the land for many weeks, and of  
course were not sure of our reckoning  
altogether it was the gloomiest night I  
ever saw. but morning came at last  
and we prepared to bury our shipmate.  
Landmen do not mourn like seamen  
the circumstances are dissimilar. a  
neighbor dies and is buried, but his place  
is filled by another and 'tis soon forgotten.  
not so in a ship a seaman dies, we bury  
him, and his place is not filled, there is  
none to fill it, for the ship at sea is the



sailor's world. a landsman <sup>is</sup> dying his friends perhaps his wife & children are there, or his father or mother are there and his passage through the valley is cheered by them. He dies, he is laid out; a coffin is prepared, he is carried to the church the minister of the Living God is there. and speaks words of comfort to the mourners — not so the sailor. He is dying but no wife or child, or father or mother is there. He is among strangers. He dies he is sewn in his hammock and launched overboard. no marble slab marks the spot where the rough son of ocean reposes forgot

But to return from this digression. We brought the body upon deck, and fixed it upon the plank. — the main-top-sail was hauled aback, the colors hoisted half-mast; all hands were called to "bury the dead" — we found the burial service of the Church of England on board and I officiated as the chaplain on the occasion. — I can never forget that moment. the silent tear, the noiseless tread of the seamen, the roar of the wind, the tremendous rolling of the laboring ship, whose timbers creaked threatening at every roll to separate. the loud thundering noise of the mountain waves, all combined to mark it as and the still more appalling sight of the corpse all combined to mark it as one of the gloomiest of my life. — All being ready I took off my cap and proceeded to read the service in a solemn manner, I missed not a word, but as if my eyes were riveted to the page continued on and at the appropriate moment the plank was lifted and the body slid into the sea, there to remain until the "sea shall give up its dead" — there were real mourners there, and for many days we thought and talked of poor Dubois, one was missing from his "mess", and from his watch, and look where we would we were



reminded that Death had been in our  
midst - we were solemn. we were better men

### A Sea Yarn

We were dashing away before a strong  
breeze from the Starboard. The first watch  
had just come upon deck when we all  
{that is all the waisters} gathered around "Old  
Fred. upon the hencoop to hear a yarn  
Come Fred: set your jaw talking again  
and give us a yarn. Said one -

"Well" and he took a fresh nip of his "baccie"  
"Well what do you want to hear to night"  
"O anything you please, only don't spin  
a whale yarn. That's all, -

So that I won't I'll give you a Marcauman's  
yarn this time - and fixing himself in  
a comfortable posture he commenced

In 1830 I sailed as mate of the brig Bashaw  
from Boston. we were bound to the West Indies  
- and in trading from place to place we ex-  
pected to be gone 5, or 6, months.



Analysis of the First Part of Watson's Theological Institutes  
Subject—Evidences of the Divine Authority of the Holy  
Scriptures.— These are of two kinds. Viz  
1 Presumptive.— There is a presumption that God has  
made an express declaration of his will in some way  
from the fact that men are moral agents, and there-  
fore under a Law or rule of conduct.— and  
2<sup>d</sup> That no Law is binding until it is made known.— and  
3<sup>d</sup> That the generality of men are unable to collect any  
adequate information on moral & religious subjects  
by processes of induction.— and  
4<sup>th</sup> That Reason, even in the wisest is not sufficient to  
make any satisfactory discoveries of the first princi-  
ples of religion or duty, which is shown from the fact  
5<sup>th</sup> That all the truths the ~~ancient~~ Philosophers held  
were in existence in the earliest periods of the Patriarch-  
al ages.— and even if they could have made such  
discoveries they would have been useless to mankind from  
the consideration & fact  
6<sup>th</sup> That ~~they~~ would not have authority with the  
majority of mankind.— being only their opinion or  
conclusions to which they had come.— and  
7<sup>th</sup> That whatever truths they collected from tradition  
they so corrupted as to destroy their harmony &  
moral influence upon mankind.— and  
8<sup>th</sup> That it is absolutely necessary, from the State of  
Religious Knowledge.— Morals & Religions of the Heathen  
[1] There is Presumptive evidence that the Revelation  
of his will would be made in the way that Christian-  
ity claims, viz in the Bible.— Because  
1<sup>st</sup> The Bible contains explicit information on subjects  
which the world had darkened with the greatest errors  
viz The nature & perfections & claims of God— his will as  
the rule of moral good & evil.— The means of obtaining  
pardon & conquering vice.— the true Mediator between  
God and man.— Divine Providence.— Man's chief  
good & Man's Immortality & accountability.— and a  
Future state.— and  
2<sup>d</sup> The Bible accords with the principles of all former  
Revelations to the Patriarchs.— in all points, this great  
moral impression being in each— Perfect purity  
of heart and conduct— and



3<sup>d</sup> The Bible has such external Authentication as not to leave a reasonable doubt of its Divine Authority - in its Miracles wrought, and Prophecies fulfilled and

4<sup>th</sup> The Bible provides means for the effectual communication of its truths to all classes of men - By having it reduced to writing - Providing accredited Teachers & Instituting public commemorative rites &c.

[1 Direct Evidence - [ External  
[ Miracles - which are events contrary to the established course of things. wrought by the immediate act assistance, or permission of God, for the proof of some particular doctrine, or in attestation of the authority of some particular person. - When Miracles are wrought upon objects whose properties have long been known, and when they occur at the time, when he who professes to have a Divine mission from God is communicating that mission to men, and performing other acts connected with his office - and when they are wrought by the messenger himself or follow his volitions - then it is clear that God is with them, and his co-operation is an authenticating and visible seal upon their commission - Such were the miracles wrought by Moses & Christ - when the rod became a serpent - the sea parted - & Sargamus was raised. & they are satisfactory evidences of a Divine mission



"Sail ho!" cried the man from mast head  
"Thru away" ~~instead~~ the officer from deck  
"Two points off the weather-bow" was responded  
Then followed the usual questions & answers -  
such as, "how is she steering &c. &c." ~~and~~ ~~at~~  
~~that~~ was then all was still, at mast head  
and the man resumed his duty of looking  
out for whales - Presently some one  
saw the sail from the deck, & it was  
soon ascertained that she was steering for  
us & all hands were on the tip-toe of ex-  
pectation & conjecture - Every body hoped  
it was a ship just from home and would  
have letters for us - Give us the price of oil  
when she left &c. - It turned out to be none  
of these things - but the Barge Cherokee  
of N.B. whom we had seen ten days before  
- all well - ~~At~~ "Hauled aback the  
Main Yard - Light up the jib sheets -  
Put your helm down" - Said the mate - all  
this was done & then we watched the barge  
now right to the windward of us coming down  
to "speak us" - The wind blew just a good full  
sail breeze & the old bark seemed conscious  
that many eyes were on her, so proudly did  
she dash away the upturned wave from her  
bow - like a good seaman, did the master  
spirit on that deck guide his vessel & when  
she came within hailing distance - the tall  
manly frame of the mate stepped into the  
quarter-boat instead of the captain & hailed  
How is Capt R - to day? - Portly well, where  
is Capt A - a? Capt A - was lost <sup>out of the boat</sup> ~~one~~  
week ago to day, Come on board a little while  
aye, aye - The boat was lowered & away went  
a boats crew & the "old man" to the bark - then  
back came the boat with another crew & by  
the first officer of the bark to the Chili again  
The sails were trimmed, the course given, the  
mast-heads manned again - and then we  
heard the story of the death of Capt Howland  
circumstantially related by the crew



After they parted company with us before the  
wind blew strong. but they double-reefed the top-  
sails & continued to cruise for whales; on the  
day of the Capt's death they raised one or more  
whales & lowered the boats in chase. and  
the second mate fastened to one which ran  
furiously first to windward then to the  
leeward, but did not "bring too" at all to  
give them the opportunity to kill it - nor  
could the loose boats get near enough  
to fasten - in this way he "fooled" them all  
a long time until the Captain very foolish-  
ly lost his patience & swore that if he was  
fast to the whale he could kill it - and  
as he could not get fast himself he  
managed to get to the "fast boat" & get into  
it & sent the boatstewer into his boat - he  
then went into the head of of the boat & told  
them to haul in the line - swearing most  
terribly at the same time. the crew hauled  
powerfully - but when they got near the fish  
he would start off afresh, and <sup>the sea</sup> ~~it~~ was  
so rough that the boat could not be kept  
afloat without slackening the line again - in  
this way they were served several times when  
the Capt lost all patience & prudence &  
(though they were five miles to the windward  
of the ship) he told the officer to hold on  
to the line - it was in vain that the officer  
remonstrated - the Capt now exceeding furion  
shouted "hold on I tell you hold on!!"  
App. App. Sir... was the answer and throwing  
another turn over the loggerhead he did  
hold on - for a minute that frail boat  
with six human beings it plunged through  
the waves ~~crashing~~ the spray high on either  
side. then it met another wave & such  
was the <sup>rapidity</sup> ~~force~~ with which they were going that  
the ~~boat~~ <sup>boat</sup> did not rise at all. but ran  
under & filled instantly. ~~At the same time~~ the  
line was cut at once but the boat cap-  
sized & left them in the water - they got



upon the bottom of the boat & then learned  
their true situation - the ship was far to the leeward  
& could <sup>not</sup> carry sail enough to beat to the windward  
if indeed she knew where they were - there was  
no boat in sight. & if there ~~had~~ been it was  
by no means certain that they could maintain  
their hold on the boat until they ~~that~~ could  
reach them - & there was no way that a  
signal could be set - above them was the  
angry clouds flying fleetly - & the sea birds  
soared high in the air thus boding more wind  
and decreasing their hopes of life - around  
them the foaming sea rolled & tossed itself as  
laughing at their calamity - but they did not  
despair. they called on the Seaman's God and  
hoped - all but the Capt - he gave up at  
once. & taking an oar he swam a little  
way from the boat & lay by himself - what  
could have been his feelings? he had sailed  
from home a professor of religion & a member  
of the church - no doubt he had promised to  
be faithful. solemnly promised - but he had  
forgotten that promise & sinned - and now  
as he lay on that oar he ~~remembered~~ them  
again but they brought no comfort to him -  
there he lay supporting himself by that oar  
until the sea birds picked his eyes out & he  
died - slowly he relaxed his grasp upon the oar  
blade & sunk into the Ocean.

Hours passed away & yet no boat appeared  
to take up the crew - ~~Some~~ of the crew were  
nearly worn out & had been ~~almost~~ <sup>almost</sup> ~~down~~  
several times - to make it worse night was  
approaching & hope began to fade - when  
one of them saw a speck on the top of a  
wave to leeward - it looked like a boat - he  
looked again with intense anxiety - again  
the wave arose and now he saw it plainly  
it was a boat - he told the crew & they  
saw it too - new life seemed to be imparted to  
them - 'tis evident they are seen - oh come  
the boat, nearer & nearer & they are within  
hearing distance now - they come along side.



and receive the survivors - in an hour  
more they were on board the ship again - who  
can tell the change in their feelings. a little  
before & they were almost hopeless now they  
were safe - their hearts were too full for  
utterance - but they wept for joy - in view of  
this we are led to say - Great God what must  
be thy Salvation



Course of Study - for first year  
The Existence of God - or rather a being - whom we call God.  
Description of God. At these passages in the Bible in  
which the name of God is mentioned - Gen 1. 1. &c.  
II The Attributes of God. 1. Unity. Statement of the Doctrine  
"One things are one by virtue of composition; but God  
hath no parts, nor is compounded; but is a pure simple  
Being - One in one in three, but admit many  
individuals of the same three, as man, angel and  
other creatures; but God is so one that there are  
no other Gods, though there are other beings;  
One things are so one, as that there exists no other  
of the same three, as one sun, one queen, one  
mother, one husband; yet there might have been  
more if it had pleased God so to will it - But  
God is so one that there is not that cannot be  
another God. It is one only and takes up the being  
so fully as to admit no other - Descartes The Principles  
Description of God - Gen 1. 1. Gen 1. 1. 35. 36. 10  
Gen 3. 20







*Hubert*  
J. C. Biggs & Co  
By bill. Lanning  
" horn shoring  
of mts  
Order on Morrison  
J. King & Co  
By note  
2.00  
50  
1.25  
51  
\$4.25

2.00  
J. C. Stafford & Co  
pay 2 Bush Potatoes  
By Plot & Co  
pay 1/2 bush cab  
J. King & Co  
By 1804  
3 1/2

25  
85



*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

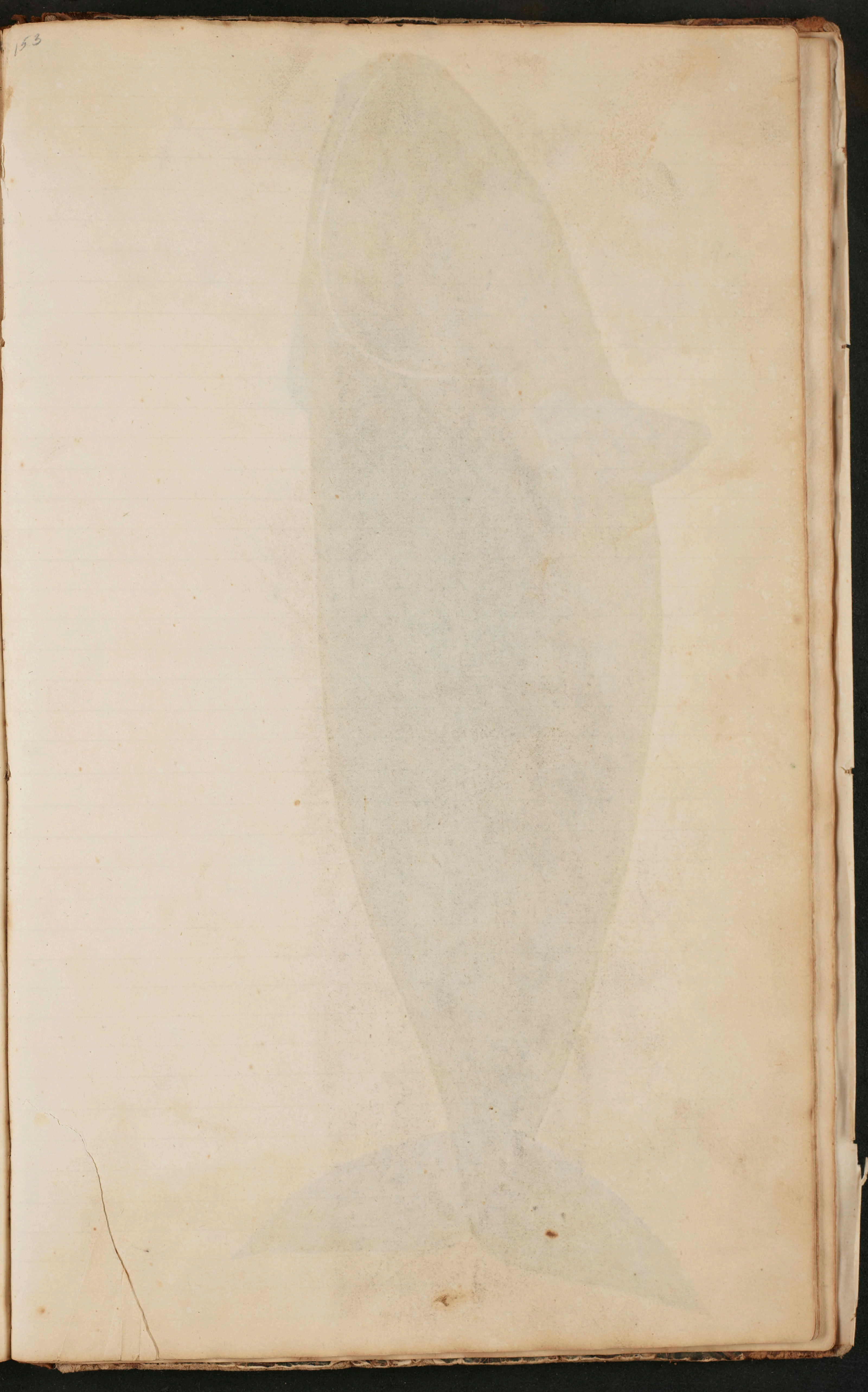


















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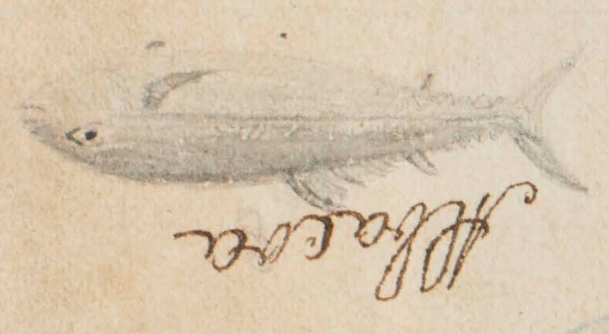
*A Right Whale*



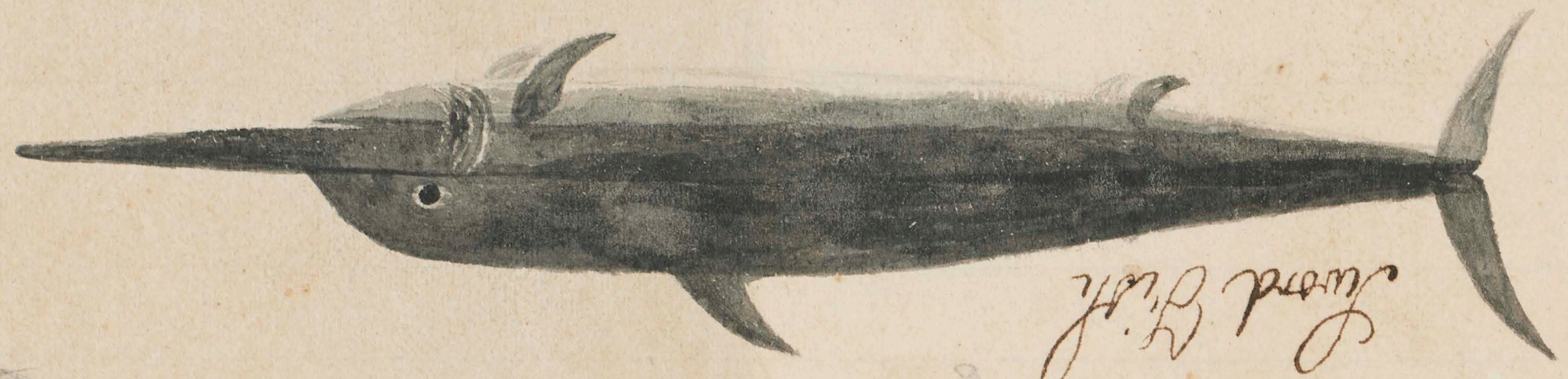
*Shovel Nose Shark*



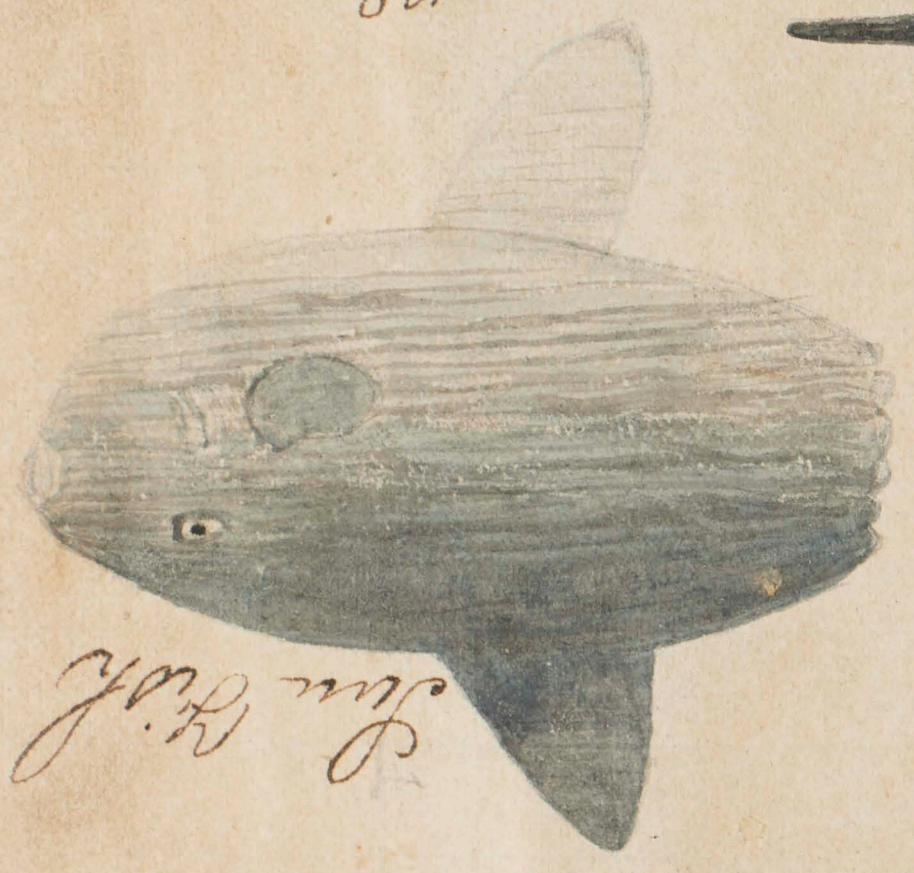
*Spotted Shark*



*Mackerel*



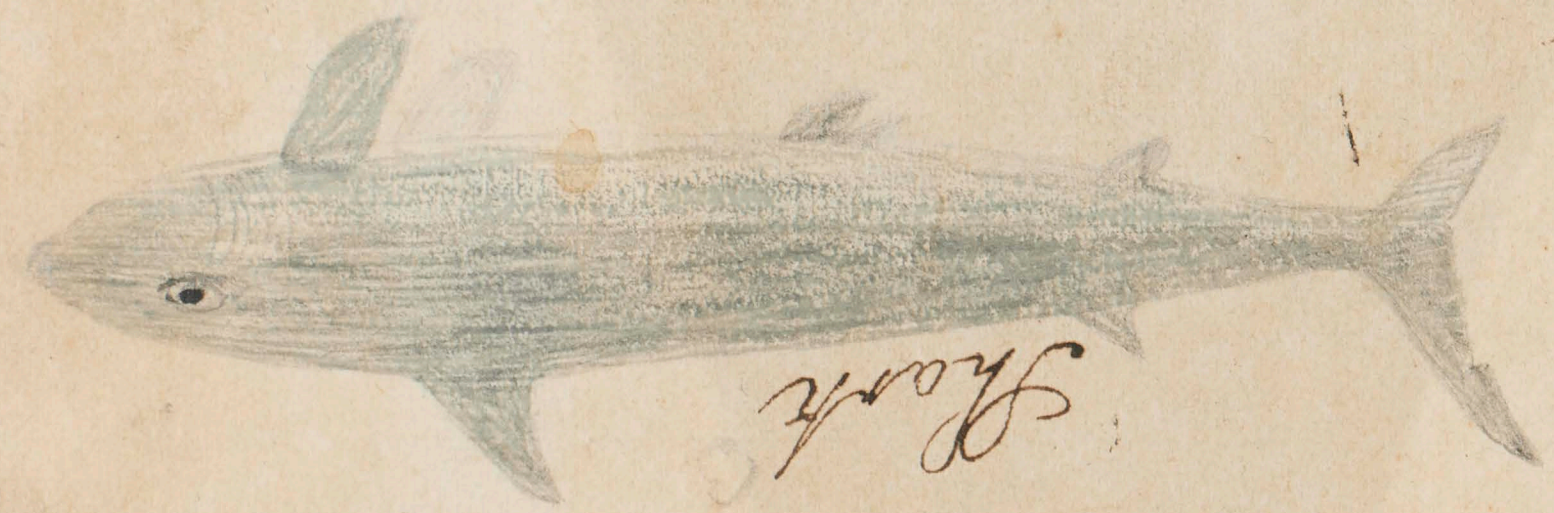
*Sword Fish*



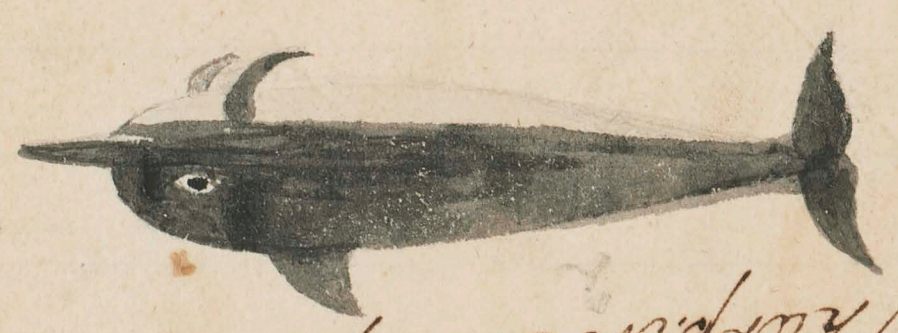
*Sun Fish*



*Bill Shark*



*Shark*



*Spotted Shark*



*Blackfish*



A Sperm Whale



Very large Sperm Whales

at School of Sperm Whales









*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



September 24<sup>th</sup> 1842 Journal D. C. Wright

Bot of Willour Manchester

24 lbs Tobacco 40<sup>c</sup>

\$ 7. 60

Oct 5<sup>th</sup> Paid Willour Manchester

1 pair flannel drawers 12/

1. 50

June 1<sup>st</sup> 1843. Paid W. P. Manchester 3 lbs tobacco 40<sup>c</sup> 1. 20

Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 1842, Do Do Do 1 Hat, 3 1/4 0, 3 1/4

June 12<sup>th</sup> 1843. Bot of W. P. Manchester 3 lbs Tobacco, 40<sup>c</sup> 0. 20

Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 33<sup>c</sup>

Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 33<sup>c</sup>

Dec 10<sup>th</sup> 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 33<sup>c</sup>

Dec 29<sup>th</sup> 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 3 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 66<sup>c</sup>

1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 44<sup>c</sup>

Feb 23<sup>rd</sup> 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 44<sup>c</sup>

March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 5 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 1. 10

July 6<sup>th</sup> 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 55<sup>c</sup>

July 6<sup>th</sup> 1844 Rec of James Hawley 1 Duck Frock 1. 00

August 1<sup>st</sup> 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22<sup>c</sup> 0. 55<sup>c</sup>

Sept 9<sup>th</sup> 1844 Rec of Charles J. Williams 1/2 Twin Paper 15<sup>c</sup>

Sept 23<sup>rd</sup> 1844. Rec of James Hawley - 1 Duck Frock - 2 pairs Canvas  
Trousers - and 1 Red wollen shirt

Sept 23<sup>rd</sup> 1844 Paid S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 Striped Cotton shirt 1. 00

Charles Williams Dr to 100 board \$1. 50

Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> Bloomfield Thomas Dr 20 pr Shoes 8 7/2

Dec 25<sup>th</sup> Rec of B. Thomas 1 pr stockings 50

Bloomfield Thomas Dr To share of Navigator 2. 50

May 5<sup>th</sup> 1845 B. Thomas Cr by his order on C. Williams 1. 50

May 5<sup>th</sup> Charles Williams Cr By order on the Owners 1. 50

May 5<sup>th</sup> James Hawley Cr By order on the Owners 5 50

May 5<sup>th</sup> Bloomfield Thomas. Cr By order on the Owners 1 50.



D. C. Wright in account with W. P. Manchester

1842.	Sept 24 <sup>th</sup>	Bot of W P Manchester 24 lbs Tobacco 40 <sup>c</sup>	\$9.60
"	Oct 5 <sup>th</sup>	Paid 1 pair flannel drawer 12/-	1.50
"	Dec 4 <sup>th</sup>	Paid 1 Payta Hat 31 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> <sup>c</sup>	0.31 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
1843	June 1 <sup>st</sup>	Paid 3 lbs Tobacco 40 <sup>c</sup>	1.20
"	June 12 <sup>th</sup>	Bot 1 lb Tobacco 40 <sup>c</sup>	0.40
"	June 30 <sup>th</sup>	Bot 2 lbs Tobacco 40 <sup>c</sup>	0.80
1844.	April 26 <sup>th</sup>	Borrowed Cash 50 <sup>c</sup>	0.50
"	June 20 <sup>th</sup>	Paid Bill on A Mc Caskey 12/-	1.50
"	"	Paid 1 Mani Mat	0.25
"	Nov 1 <sup>st</sup>	Paid 1 Mani Mat	0.37 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
"	"	Paid Cash \$2.00	2.00
"	Dec 4 <sup>th</sup>	Paid 1 lb Tobacco	.25



As I find by experience the benefit of suitable subjects for thought, I have concluded, in order to furnish myself with such subjects, to commit to memory one verse at least, every day, from the sacred volume - and to accustom myself to reflect upon, and endeavor to profit by them in the leisure time which I have while I belong to this ship, - and to mark the Chapter & verse so learned in this book for future reference -

Sept 22<sup>d</sup> - D. C. Wright  
1842. Sept 22<sup>d</sup> Mark 4<sup>th</sup> Chap 39<sup>th</sup>. And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

Sept 23<sup>d</sup> - Lamentations 3<sup>d</sup> 40<sup>th</sup> Let us search and try our ways and turn again to the Lord. (O God assist me D. C. W.)

Sept 24<sup>th</sup> John 9<sup>th</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.

Sept 25<sup>th</sup> Rom 14<sup>th</sup> 12 - So then every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.

Sept 26<sup>th</sup> Psalms 84<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Sept 27<sup>th</sup> Psalm 55<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.

Sept 28<sup>th</sup> Mark 11<sup>th</sup> 22<sup>d</sup> And Jesus answering, saith unto them, Have faith in God.

Sept 29<sup>th</sup> James 1<sup>st</sup> 12 Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Sept 30<sup>th</sup> Prov 14<sup>th</sup> 32 The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death.

Oct 1<sup>st</sup> Rom 8<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

Oct 2<sup>d</sup> John 6<sup>th</sup> 48<sup>th</sup> I am that bread of life.

Oct 3<sup>d</sup> Matt 5<sup>th</sup> 8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Oct 4<sup>th</sup> Matt 7<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Judge not, that ye be not judged.

Oct 5<sup>th</sup> Rom 12<sup>th</sup> 17. Recompence to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. { appropriate to my case D. C. W }

Oct 6<sup>th</sup> Psalms 119<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Oct 7<sup>th</sup> 1 Thos 5<sup>th</sup> 22 abstain from all appearance of evil.

Oct 8<sup>th</sup> Heb 13<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Let brotherly love continue. { Amen } up



- Oct 9<sup>th</sup> Col 4<sup>th</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> Continue in prayer, & watch in the same with thanksgiving.  
 Do 10<sup>th</sup> John 14<sup>th</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.  
 Do 11<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Petu 5<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.  
 Do 12<sup>th</sup> James 4<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil & he will flee from you.  
 Do 13<sup>th</sup> Acts 16<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> And brought them out, & said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?  
 Do 14<sup>th</sup> John 14<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> Last clause { Because I live, ye shall live also. } Thank God  
 Do 15<sup>th</sup> Col 3<sup>rd</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.  
 Do 16<sup>th</sup> John 11<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?  
 Do 17<sup>th</sup> Matt 10<sup>th</sup> 32. Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.  
 Do 18<sup>th</sup> Matt 10<sup>th</sup> 33 But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.  
 Do 19<sup>th</sup> Luke 19<sup>th</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost { that is me }  
 Do 20<sup>th</sup> Psalm 2<sup>d</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> Serve the Lord with fear; and rejoice with trembling.  
 Do 21<sup>st</sup> Rom 8<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.  
 Do 22<sup>nd</sup> Hosea 4<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> Whoredoms, & wine, & new wine, take away the heart, { O how true I ew }  
 Do 23<sup>rd</sup> Gal 5<sup>th</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, & ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.  
 Do 24<sup>th</sup> Eph 4<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> Neither give place to the devil { also read the 26<sup>th</sup> verse }  
 Do 25<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Thes 5<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> Quench not the Spirit. { God had me by his Spirit & ew }  
 Do 26<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> John 3<sup>rd</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.  
 Do 27<sup>th</sup> Luke 11<sup>th</sup> 35<sup>th</sup> Take heed therefore that the light which is in the be not darkness.  
 Do 28<sup>th</sup> Mark 13<sup>th</sup> 37<sup>th</sup> And what I say unto you, I say unto all Watch  
 Do 29<sup>th</sup> Rom 8<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God { am I in the flesh? }  
 Do 30<sup>th</sup> Gal 6<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.  
 Do 31<sup>st</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.  
 Nov 1<sup>st</sup> Matt 18<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.  
 Do 2<sup>nd</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> Cor 5<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> For we walk by faith, not by sight.  
 Do 3<sup>rd</sup> 34<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Sam 7<sup>th</sup> O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.  
 Do 4<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Cor 10<sup>th</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.  
 Do 5<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Cor 16<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.  
 Do 6<sup>th</sup> Psalm 37<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.  
 Do 7<sup>th</sup> Psalm 51<sup>st</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.  
 Do 8<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Sam 2<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. And heeds.  
 Do 9<sup>th</sup> Gal 5<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> And they that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with the affections.  
 Do 10<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Peter 1<sup>st</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.  
 Do 11<sup>th</sup> Psalm 37<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.  
 Do 12<sup>th</sup> Matt 12<sup>th</sup> 37<sup>th</sup> For by thy words thou shalt be justified (and by thy words thou shalt be condemned).  
 Do 13<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Thes 5<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> Pray without ceasing. shall make maps  
 Do 14<sup>th</sup> Gal 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.  
 Do 15<sup>th</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Cor 3<sup>rd</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, & that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?  
 Do 16<sup>th</sup> Psalm 37<sup>th</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> Delight thyself also in the Lord; & he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.  
 Do 17<sup>th</sup> Matt 24<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> But he that shall endure unto the end the same shall be saved.  
 Do 18<sup>th</sup> Luke 14<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> And whosoever doth not bear his cross, & come after me, cannot be my disciple.  
 Do 19<sup>th</sup> Matt 23<sup>rd</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me  
 Scatterth abroad. Over



1842 November 30<sup>th</sup> Ship D. Rush Passages of Scripture  
Nov 30. 2 Cor 10. 18 For not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the  
1843 1843. May. 8 June, <sup>commandments</sup>

May 30. 1 John 3 And hereby we do know that we know him if we keep his  
Do. 31. 1 John 3. 18. My little children, let us not love <sup>but in deed & in truth</sup> in word, neither in tongue.  
June 1<sup>st</sup> 1 Cor 6. 17. But he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit  
Do. 2. 1 Cor. 10. 13 There hath no temptation taken you but such &c.  
Do 3<sup>d</sup> Eph 6. 10. Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord & in the power of his might.  
Do 4<sup>th</sup> Phil 1. 21. For to me to live is Christ, & to die is gain.  
Do. 23. Rom 8. 16 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.







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I shall note the date of any notable events of which I may hear for the purpose of reference

No.	Age	Sex	Color	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Date of Death	Place of Death	Cause of Death	Remarks
1646	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	George of the same name as a
1653	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1658	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1660	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1665	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1669	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1672	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1674	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1675	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1676	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1677	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1678	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1679	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1680	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1681	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1682	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1683	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1684	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1685	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1686	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1687	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1688	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1689	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1690	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1691	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1692	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1693	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1694	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1695	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1696	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1697	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1698	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1699	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a
1700	17	M	Black	London	1799	1825	London	Smallpox	John of the same name as a



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1842 - On this page may be seen how many times we have also - & who first raised them (and what they were)

1842. Aug 5 <sup>th</sup>	LB Dean C Wright	8 m	110
" Aug 9 <sup>th</sup>	BB William C Marchant	8 m	000
" July 10 <sup>th</sup>	LB Dean C Wright	8 m	84
" Sept 16 <sup>th</sup>	BB William C Marchant	8 m	35
" May 11 <sup>th</sup>	LB Dean C Wright	8 m	40
" June 3 <sup>rd</sup>	LB Dean C Wright	8 m	30
" June 9 <sup>th</sup>	BB William C Marchant	8 m	32
" June 23 <sup>rd</sup>	LB Dean C Wright	8 m	26
" July 12 <sup>th</sup>	BB Charles C Williams	8 m	000
" July 22 <sup>nd</sup>	WB George C Wood	8 m	000
" Dec 10 <sup>th</sup>	BB William C Marchant	8 m	20
" Dec 18 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	000
" Dec 26 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	43
" Dec 30 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	55
1843 Aug 6 <sup>th</sup>	WB George C Wood	8 m	000
" Aug 13 <sup>th</sup>	WB George C Wood	8 m	94
" Aug 14 <sup>th</sup>	SB Charles Brown	8 m	000
" Aug 15 <sup>th</sup>	BB William C Marchant	8 m	000
" Aug 21 <sup>st</sup>	Deaf Fall	8 m	20
" Aug 22 <sup>nd</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	00
" March 15 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	70
" March 22 <sup>nd</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	00
" March 29 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	64
" April 17 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	00
" July 9 <sup>th</sup>	WB Charles Brown	8 m	000
" Aug 9 <sup>th</sup>	WB Charles Brown	8 m	000
" Aug 29 <sup>th</sup>	BB Alexander McEwen	8 m	000
" Aug 15 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	000
" Aug 11 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	000
" Aug 28 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	160
1844 July 10 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	50
1843 Sept 20 <sup>th</sup>	BB William C Marchant	8 m	000
1844 Feb 8 <sup>th</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	000
" Feb 20 <sup>th</sup>	BB James Stanley	8 m	26
" April 21 <sup>st</sup>	BB Edward Smith	8 m	24
" May 22 <sup>nd</sup>	BB George A Coggeshall	8 m	000
" May 27 <sup>th</sup>	BB John Banaca	8 m	110
" March 1 <sup>st</sup>	BB Edward Smith	8 m	000



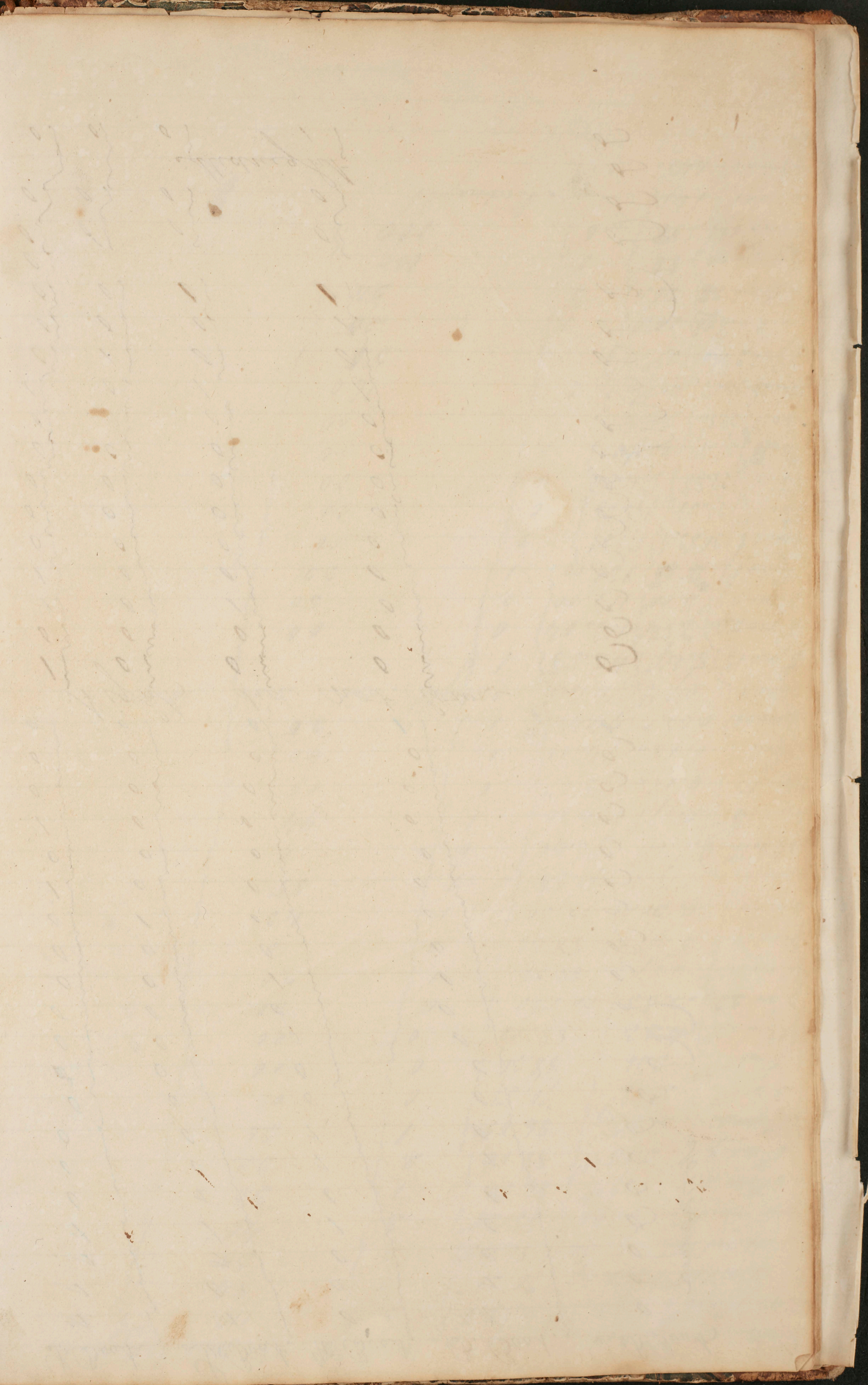
1867 Mr. Wellman in acct with D. C. Wright.  
 Dec 25 To 1. Jan 1868  
 1868 Jan 8 To 1/2 brot of H. 18 3/4  
 To 21/10 butter 50



From 23 Dec to 28 Jan I was away  
 28. " to Jan 4 we were both gone  
 6 Jan to 8<sup>th</sup> I was away  
 16 Jan to 29 I was away. 29<sup>th</sup> I was home  
 16 Jan to March 3 this was away with  
 2 April to 29 April this was away  
 2 May to 28 June this was away

From 23 Dec to 28 Jan I was away  
 28. " to Jan 4 we were both gone  
 6 Jan to 8<sup>th</sup> I was away  
 16 Jan to 29 I was away. 29<sup>th</sup> I was home  
 16 Jan to March 3 this was away with  
 2 April to 29 April this was away  
 2 May to 28 June this was away











No Marks. No Barely the marks

Done.

— 100 —

Date

Month	Day	Time	Lat	Long	Alt	Dist	Wind	Weather	Remarks
1842	10	10.50	23.49	70.50	84.16	2	2	35	84
"	11	5.02	85.38	84.50	1	3	30	40	110
"	12	1.39	84.50	84.16	2	2	32	26	00
"	13	2.50	88.16	86.05	1	1	26	00	00
"	14	3.16	88.30	88.12	0	0	00	00	00
"	15	4.23	88.12	88.12	0	0	00	00	00
"	16	12.53	88.12	88.12	0	0	00	00	00
"	17	2.57	88.32	88.44	1	1	20	0	00
"	18	0.27	88.44	88.44	1	1	43	55	00
"	19	0.20	92.30	92.54	1	1	55	0	00
"	20	1.17	92.54	93.46	0	0	0	94	00
"	21	0.37	94.20	94.48	1	1	94	00	00
"	22	0.02	94.00	94.48	0	0	00	00	00
"	23	0.43	94.48	94.48	1	1	20	00	00
"	24	0.08	93.37	94.48	0	0	00	00	00
"	25	0.02	94.00	94.48	0	0	00	00	00
"	26	0.02	94.00	94.48	0	0	00	00	00
"	27	1.58	94.00	94.48	0	0	00	00	00
"	28	28.1	94.00	94.48	1	1	25	24	00
"	29	29.49	94.00	94.48	1	1	25	24	00
"	30	29.50	94.00	94.48	1	1	25	24	00
"	31	29.50	94.00	94.48	1	1	25	24	00







